INDIAN MYTHS OF THE NORTHWEST

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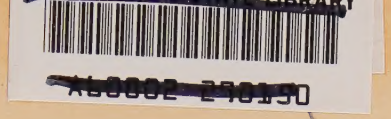

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INDIAN MYTHS OF THE NORTHWEST

The
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INDIAN MYTHS
OF THE NORTHWEST

By CLARENCE B. BAGLEY

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INTRODUCTION

THE Myths, Legends, Traditions, "The Folklore" of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest, ever since the coming of the white men, has been the theme of a goodly number of writers of history, romance and poetry; few realize its extent. This is the first time the more notable of them have been gathered under one cover.

Fantastic, unreal, childish as they may seem in this unromantic age, these legends reveal the efforts of the Northwestern Indian to interpret the world about him. In all ages and in all climes savages have peopled the Unknown with good and evil spirits. The Indians of this region went far beyond this; to them each living or inanimate object possessed a dual nature, each had a "soul." His deities were exceedingly good or equally evil, tending largely to the latter. As the Indians had no means of recording their fables, each tribe had its own versions, and members of the same tribe did not always agree as to the same story.

As stated, this record consists only of the more notable of these myths. Variations of the same story, as well as many stories of little interest or merit have been omitted.

Grecian, Roman, Hebrew, Scandinavian literature, and that of many other nations, has bequeathed to us remarkable stories of gods and goddesses and other mythological characters, which, when analyzed, are as simple and perhaps as foolish as the stories once recited around the campfires of our native Indians.

The legends builded by all savage races have furnished the scientist, ethnologist or philosopher with valuable information and the casual reader with entertainment.

Almost everything pertaining to the American Indian had been thoroughly studied excepting his feelings, thoughts, beliefs and opinions as revealed in his myths and legends, and little scientific study had been given to their folklore until our own American Schoolcraft became the eminent pioneer in this work. It was a genu-

ine surprise to students to be told that many of the Indian stories were on a par with the finest mythological legends of classic literature.

Of late, the study of ethnology as pertaining to the North American Indian, has been recognized as of much importance. Our United States government has published a great many valuable works upon it. In all parts of the world students of anthropology, antiquarians and other scientists are seeking to solve the great mystery of the beginning of human development. The traditions, myths and legends of the races who have no written languages have been of inestimable value in the progress of these studies.

There is a deep fascination in the study of the character, habits, laws, customs and traditions of our native races. A study of these and of the languages and a comparison with like data from other nations must work out all that will ever be known of the origin of the North American Indian.

Nearly all that is known of the past hopes, fears, loves, hates, battles, and migrations and of his intellectual, moral and physical development and early existence can be written on a single page.

Early inquirers found much difficulty in obtaining their folklore stories from the Indians, who sincerely believed them. White people usually laughed at them and the Indian distrusted the motives of those who sought to obtain them. From his infancy he had heard them from the lips of his father related as facts, and to him they were sacred; it was sacrilege to doubt them or to make light of them.

There is no "Indian" today. He is an American citizen. In his heart he may believe those oldtime stories of his ancestors, but he will not acknowledge it nor relate them, so, to those who gathered them and carefully recorded them we owe a debt of gratitude.

INDIAN MYTHS *of the* NORTHWEST

THE following myths and legends were included in Elwood Evans' notable History of Washington, published in 1889. They were not written by that distinguished author and he does not give the name of the writer, who must have collected them at the expense of great labor and patient research. This is regrettable as the collector's name should have been preserved in memory of the great work he bequeathed us.

Some of them would have delighted Smollett or Fielding, but are too "broad" for present-day usage and have been omitted. A few of them here presented have, like most editions of "The Arabian Nights," been somewhat expurgated.

ORIGIN OF THE TRIBES

NEARLY all of the Indians of the Pacific Northwest claim to have been created by Coyote,* the great Indian god. In most of the legends, it is represented that he formed them out of different portions of a great beaver. One traveler has remarked that beavers are said by some of the tribes to be fallen Indians. It is commonly taught, however, that the beaver of the present age is fallen from his former condition, inasmuch as he used to reason and use language, but was a beaver still. As we approach the Alaskan tribes, we find the creation myths or legends about the origin of men and things differing considerably from those farther south. About the British Columbia line, and north of that on the coast, we find that the Indians claim to have been made by Yehl, the raven. The Nisquallies and Clallams are familiar with myths in which Yehl figures. In relating Coyote's doing, the Indians go into great detail in telling what he did and said, and even his thoughts. As good a version as any, of the origin of the tribes, is given by the Eastern Washington Indians, as follows: A

*NOTE—Coyote is the Spanish and Mexican name for the small prairie wolf which inhabits the vast timberless regions between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. The universal western pronunciation was "Ki-o-ty," accented on the second syllable. The coyote was even more cunning than the fox. Though existing in great numbers it usually went in pairs unlike the larger and more ferocious timber wolf that pursued large game in bands or packs. At the present time it is plentiful in the less settled regions, and incessant war is still waged against it by farmers and ranchers. At night it delighted in its sharp, shrill bark, followed by a dismal long-drawn-out howl that was terrifying to those not familiar with the beast. It was undoubtedly the progenitor of the numberless yelping Indian dogs that infested the camps of the natives in pioneer days.—C. B. B.

great while ago, in the wonderful age of the ancients, when all kinds of animals spoke and reasoned, and before the present race of Indians existed, there was a mighty beaver, Wishpoosh, that lived in Lake Cleellum.

This beaver was god of the lake, owning it, and claiming property in all the fish, wood, and everything in and about its waters. He lived in the bottom of the lake; his eyes were like living fire; his eyebrows bright red; and his immense nails or claws shone and glistened like burnished silver. Like so many other of the Indians' animal gods, he was a bad character, and very destructive of life. He had made the lake and its surroundings a place of terror; for he destroyed and devoured every living thing that came in his way. To those he could not kill, he denied the privilege of taking fish, of which there were plenty in the water. All about in the country the people were hungry for fish; and, with plenty near by, it seemed hard that they must starve. Coyote, in his journeyings, found the people in this sad plight; and their condition moved him to do something for their relief. As many unsuccessful attempts had been made to destroy the monster, Coyote knew he had a big job on hand, and so made elaborate preparations for the encounter. He armed himself with a powerful spear with a long and strong handle. This spear he bound to his wrist with strong cords of twisted ta-hoosh (Indian flax). Thus equipped, he went up to the lake, and, finding old Wishpoosh, drove his spear into him. The wounded and enraged water god plunged out into the lake and down to the bottom. The cord of the spear-handle being fast to Coyote's wrist, he was dragged along by the infuriated beast; so that now the two went plunging and tearing along through the lake. A fearful struggle ensued, in which they tore a gap through the mountain, and came wallowing and swimming into the lake that then covered Kittitas valley. On across that they came, and thrashed through the ridge forming the Nahchess gap, and entered the lake that then stood over the Yakima valley. Still the mighty beaver god struggled; and Coyote hung on, and they struck the ridge below Ahtanum, and tore through, forming Union gap; and then they went floundering on down, tearing the channel of the Yakima river. Poor Coyote was getting badly worsted, was almost strangled, and was clutching at trees along the bank, trying to stop

his wild career down the stream. He caught hold of the large cottonwoods; but they broke off or pulled up. He tried the firs; but they tore out by the roots. He clawed at the rocks; but they crumbled off. Nothing could stand before the irresistible power of the mighty Wishpoosh. Exhausted and almost drowned, he found himself wallowing in the mouth of the Columbia among the breakers. The muskrat was standing on the shore and laughing at him.

By this time the beaver god was dead; and the now half-drowned Coyote came out, dragging his game with him. When he came out, he wiped the water from his face and eyes, and proceeded to cut up the beaver's carcass. As he cut the different parts, he made of them the Indian tribes. Of the belly he made the Lower Columbia and Coast Indians, saying, "You shall always be short and fat, and have great bellies." Of the legs he made the Cayuse, saying, "You shall be fleet of foot and strong of limb." Of the head he made the Northern tribes, saying, "You will be men of brains, and strong in war." Of the ribs he made the Yakimas or Pishwan-wa-pams. The various tribes had characteristics derived from the parts from which they were taken. Last of all he gathered the blood and filth and flung them off towards the country of the Sioux and Snakes, saying, "You shall always be people of blood and violence." Having peopled the country with tribes of Indians, he started up the Columbia, and reaching the point where the Columbia and Snake unite their waters, the mighty maker of the red man paused. Standing there, at the meeting-place of the waters, with hands outstretched like the arms of a balance, first towards the east and west, and then to the north and south, he said: "Earth is full of inhabitants; there is no longer place for me." He then ascended to the sky.

Some of the tribes below The Dalles on the Columbia have always been noted among the other Indians as having ugly mouths. Their feet, also, are not models of beauty. A legend says that the "great somebody" who first made the Indians made rather an imperfect job;—they did not seem to be entirely finished. Their eyes were not open; and nine days did not seem to bring any relief, as it does with cats. They had no mouths, only a little mark where the mouth ought to be; and their feet were clubby, and their joints stiff.

Coyote came along one time in the ancient time, and found these poor people hobbling about hungry, but having no mouths to eat with; and their eyes had grown shut. Pitying their condition, he took his stone knife and began to relieve them by cutting mouths and opening their eyes. Being considerably hurried, and not having a very fine operating instrument, he made pretty extensive openings of some of their mouths, and got others considerably awry; but, thanks to their benefactor, they have since been able to eat a sufficiency of salmon, and get around with ordinary Indian ability.

Among the Klamaths is an account of creation in which the world was said to have been made by an old man above, or from above. This old God or god man, while making the earth, sat on a stool. When the earth was finished, he made the fish and then animals, and finally made a man. This man was authorized and empowered to grade the animals, appointing each to its station and duties in life. These animals were all intelligent, having speech and reason. The newly made man proposed to start out each of them with a bow and arrow as an equipment for the duties of life. The length of the bow was to correspond with the rank and ability of the recipient. Having got bows enough for all the animals ready, they were notified to appear at the distribution, which was to occur the next morning. Now Coyote thought his distinguished qualities entitled him to first rank and consideration; and he was determined to be the first at the distribution and get the longest bow. To make sure of it, he decided to sit up all night so as to be awake early in the morning. For a time he succeeded in keeping awake; but his drowsiness proved at last superior to his ambitious aspirations; and towards morning he fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake until the sun was up in the sky; and, instead of being first at the distribution of bows, he came in when there was only one left, the shortest and poorest of all. The master of ceremonies felt sorry for poor Coyote, and asked advice of the old man from above as to what should be done. As a sort of compensation for the inefficiency of the short bow, he "made it a law" that Coyote should be the most cunning of all other animals, which has been the case ever since.

The Chinook Indians claim to have been made by Coyote. At first they were not perfect, being blind and with closed mouths, and

having stiffened joints in the feet. Afterwards this defect was remedied, as is related just previously. This myth of the Chinooks reminds one of the account of creation of man as given by a Mexican tribe, which says that the first people were made of the pith of wood. They walked about well enough, and had most of the attributes of men. They multiplied and filled the world, but, having no sense or mind or intelligence, the maker was disgusted with his essay at creation, and destroyed them all. He made another attempt; and the ordinary Mexican Indian was the result of his efforts. The old Chinooks of the Lower Willamette valley and Columbia believed that the present race of Indians was preceded by a different race, which they called the Ulhaipas. These were probably nothing more than the "ancients," the "animal people," which the Klickitats called the Wat-tee-tlama. In the Klickitat and Yakima languages, the word "ulhai" signified moon, and "ulhaipa" means pertaining to the moon. If the word had the same meaning among the Chinooks. it would indicate that these ancient people were regarded as being in some way connected with the moon.

There appears among the creation myths of different tribes scattered up and down the Pacific coast, from Alaska to Lower California, what is called the "old man," "wonderful man," or "giant man," who figured as the creator or maker of the Indians. A closer investigation shows that in many if not most of the cases this wonderful man was Coyote. The Aleuts' old man made men of stones. Stones thrown in the air became birds, those that fell in the water became fishes, and those on land animals. It is said that some little tribe on the extreme northern coast claim to have originated from the dog. The Indian dogs being nothing but domesticated coyotes, it is probable those tribes believe in the coyote god the same as nearly all the other western tribes.

Across the channel from the Skagit country, the Indians had a very singular tradition or myth. They believed that all animals contain something like the soul of man, a spirit essence or soul in an undeveloped state. They say that a long time ago only animals were living in that country; and that there were no human beings in all the land. One day two strange beings in human form came down the

coast paddling a canoe. No such beings ever having been seen in those parts, the animals were so frightened they ran away and in such haste that in some way they dropped or lost out of their bodies the soul essence or spirit embryos of humanity; and these subsequently developed into Indians such as now exist in that country.

ANCIENT ANIMAL GODS

THOUGH there are differences in form, great variety of language, and a vast number of myths varying much as to the origin of things, there is among all Indians of the Northwest, all over the North American continent in fact, a remarkable unanimity in belief, that before the present race of Indians there existed a race of "animal people"—gods in animal form. These all spoke one language, all had intelligence and reason. Even inanimate objects are clothed with the attributes of active intelligent beings, and are represented in their myths and legends as doing and saying many wonderful things. The smallness, feebleness or insignificance of an animal or thing was no obstacle to its power of working wonders. Indeed, it seems to have been a favorite idea of the Indian myth-makers that some small or weak thing should outdo or defeat the efforts of more pretentious gods. Sometimes what Coyote himself could not do the muskrat or some litle bird could accomplish. As we shall see later on, the eagle, beaver, owl, rattlesnake, bear and many other animals were gods of vast power and influence. These animals were designated in nearly all cases by a term signifying the "ancients," or the "ones that came before." If you ask an Indian when these things were, he will tell you, "long, long time ago." If he uses the Chinook jargon, he will say, "a—n kutty," drawling out the first syllable to express more emphatically the great length of time. Anything more definite no one can ever learn. None of the present race existed at that time. These ancient animal people were giants in size. The mosquito, tick, spider and other insects were larger than an ox. The present race of animals are small and degenerate representatives of what they formerly were. They have been cursed or "put down" and are fallen, have lost speech, and are shabby semblances of their former greatness. The times of their "ancients" were days of magic and wonder working, surpassing the "Arabian Nights" stories. These gods could transform themselves to anything they chose, and could skim over vast distances in the twinkling of an eye. They were diviners of thought, endowed with prophecy, wielded the spirits and controlled the forces of nature.

The winds and water, clouds and darkness, were subject to their bidding. They even had the power to change the face of nature. Many of the peculiarities of nature are attributed to their powers; and some of them represent the sun and moon to have come into existence by the same agency.

There has been a great deal said and written concerning the monotheism of the Indians; and we hear much about his worship of the "Great Spirit." The idea has generally prevailed that the Indians always and everywhere believed only in one God or Great Spirit. Nothing could be more erroneous. According to the Indian cosmogony, there are gods almost innumerable. The Indian legends consist largely of stories representing the performances of these ancient gods. There seems to be an idea that, though these gods still live in the form of the present race of animals, the god-like part, the magic power, the great intelligence, exists somewhere else as a spirit; and this spirit is reverenced as a god and appealed to for help.

In the age of the animal people, the earth was full of violence; the greater preyed on the lesser; the strong trampled upon or devoured the weak. There was fear and terror on every hand until Coyote wrought order out of confusion, conquered the monster destroyers and established laws and precedents. The earth itself was spoken of by the Indians as being eternal. Some said it was in the form of a man, with his head to the east and feet to the west. The earth was in one sense considered the father of all living things. "The earth is my father," was not an uncommon Indian expression. Many mountains and rocks were once living beings. These were transformed, many of them to stone, for some sin or transgression. Nothing now lives but had a giant ancestry. The present race of animals, insects and even trees and fruits are poor diminutive representatives of a gigantic, wonderful, mysterious race that preceded. Coyote, of all the animal gods, was greatest; he of all the others was pre-eminently the Indians' friend. What Coyote did, and his wonderful exploits in conquering giants, form the basis of a complicated mythology.

SPEELYAI (COYOTE) THE GREAT INDIAN GOD

E may learn the character of a people from the character of the gods they worship, or from the attributes they give them. An examination into the myths of the Indians shows Coyote as being almost all-powerful—transforming the face of nature, changing living beings to stone, transforming himself into a feather, a little mewling baby, or into anything that might forward his purposes. He traveled over the earth, met and subjugated the monsters, demons and tyrant gods that were destroying the people. He always was the friend of the Indian and an enemy to their foes. While he is represented in their myths as performing such wonderful and supernatural things, he often found himself outwitted and circumvented even by some small and insignificant animal, and is spoken of as doing the most ridiculous and absurd things, and getting into predicaments of the most painful or ludicrous character. While he was sending salmon to the Indians, and providing roots and berries for food, he suffered with hunger, and found himself forced to live on the most filthy and disgusting fare. He is represented as being very acute and cunning, and as resorting to all sorts of stratagems, fair or unfair, to accomplish his objects. He was sick, hungry and poor at times. Some of the legends represent him as going about in his journeys clad in an old, worn, dirty robe made of jack-rabbit skins. It is said that he at one time died through eating a lot of fleas, but was brought back to life by a magpie picking him in the eye. He is represented as being interested in games and amusements, and as favoring and ordaining dances, promulgating laws, introducing industrial pursuits, teaching the Indians how to cook food and do various other things for their welfare and happiness. He was angry or amused, and enjoyed a joke or trick, and frequently suffered because of his ignorance or folly. In short, Coyote was a being with the qualities of a real coyote and a live Indian. The Indian's god was, in short, like himself—full of treachery and deceit, ignorant yet cunning; wise in some respects, yet full of folly and childishness. Upon the whole, Coyote was a pretty good character, viewed from the Indian standpoint, and, in fact,

must have represented at one time the Indian's idea of a being worthy to be called a god.

In the incongruities of the Indian god we see the incongruities of the Indian mind; for his god was the product of his own imagination; and he clothed him with such attributes as were in harmony with his own intelligence, feeling and moral nature. Since these myths and traditions have been handed down for centuries, they convey to us a picture of the Indian character for ages back, more correct, perhaps, than any written history could give us. The myth makers had no design to flatter or traduce; but unconsciously, while telling of the doings of the gods, they told their own natures, feelings and impulses, and without knowing it gave us their own standard of morality.

A most singular myth connected with Coyote was that he had three sisters that lived within his body. These sisters were in the form of berries that grow in the mountains. They were very wise, and were oracles to Coyote; whenever he found himself unable to accomplish his designs, or was in doubt as to how to proceed, he called them out and asked them what he had better do, or how he should manage. They were represented as always being unwilling to give the desired information; and then Coyote would threaten to send rain upon them, after which they would yield and tell what he wanted to know. When he would urge them to give him information, they would say, "If we tell you, you will say you knew that before"; and, when they finally gave the desired information, always said: "Yes, my sisters, that is what I thought; that was my plan at first." By this we infer that they thought Coyote was unwilling to have anyone know more than himself, though he was willing to avail himself of help from any source.

SPEELYAI AND HIS WONDERFUL DOG

THE god Coyote was nearly always equal to any emergency, and generally came off victor in any undertaking. He sometimes needed assistance, but usually had cunning enough to devise expedients that would carry him through. As an illustration of what he could do in the way of magic when he had nothing at hand to operate on except a little soft mud and his native genius, the following is related:

In the "ancient" times, Coyote was traveling down in Oregon, and there ran across a man who had a very wonderful one-horned dog. This dog was very cross and fierce; and its owner had some difficulty in keeping it away from Coyote. This did not please the Indian god; and he taxed his ingenuity to devise a plan of getting rid of this troublesome beast. That evening he took a little lump of soft clay, and by some kind of magic or conjuring made a dog that beat the one-horned dog of the stranger. With his newly made dog trotting along by his side, he went to the other man and said, "Let us have our dogs fight, and see which will whip the other." The man was afraid, since Coyote's dog had two horns and was very fierce. "Well, then," said Coyote, "let us send our dogs out, and see which will be able to tear down that cliff yonder." Agreeing to this, the man set on his dog; but he did not accomplish much, tearing down a few rocks only, and then he quit. Coyote then sent out the two-horned dog, which tore the cliff down to a level with the ground. Coyote then offered to trade dogs even; but the man seemed unwilling. Coyote said, "Well, then, let us make them fight." The man was afraid, having seen the other dog's power. Not being able to get up a fight, Coyote said, "Your dog can't dig up the ground like mine." The man sent out his dog; but he only tore out a small hole, and then returned; when Coyote sent out his dog, which tore up the ground fearfully, making great rents in it. He then offered to trade again; and this time the man agreed to the exchange. Having exchanged dogs, Speelyai took the one-horned dog and left that part of the country.

The Oregon man thought he had made a great bargain, getting a two-horned dog for a one-horned one, and the one he received being

so much more powerful, too. He felt much elated over his trade, and amused himself by sending it out to tear down great mountains. He sent him out four different times this way; and every time he displayed supernatural power. But the fifth time, he sent him out against a stone wall, which did not tumble down as he expected. When the dog ran up to knock the cliff down, the man found only a little wad of soft clay sticking against the rocks. The man thus lost a wonderful dog, and the people a snarling enemy. What became of the other dog the legend does not say; but a dog so distinguished must have come to some notable end. There is a moral here, however, that whoever has a fighting dog is sure to find someone with a stronger one.

COYOTE DESTROYS THE POWER OF A WATER GOD

IT IS a noticeable fact that, in the myths of the Indians, a majority of the monsters of the ancient times were females. The Indians having no term to represent gender, say woman beaver, woman wolf, man bear, etc. When relating their legends they say an old man or an old woman did thus and so. If inquiry be made, it generally is discovered that the old man or woman was a male or female animal of the "animal people" who lived in the magic Wat-tee-tash age.

The deep, dark holes and whirlpools in the Columbia, Willamette and other rivers of the Northwest were anciently the abodes of water gods or demons. A great many places where these beings lived are pointed out yet; and there is even now among the Indians a dread and fear of these places at times. At the fishing places above The Dalles, one of these monster water nymphs used to live. She never appeared entirely above water. She was in those ancient times a fearful monster, who swallowed up the poor Indian fishermen. When a boat came near, she set the water into a whirl, and sucked it and its occupants under, never to appear again. She had been swallowing up people this way for a long time, and had become a terror to the fishermen; so that they scarcely dared to fish at all; and their life was a continued round of alarm and dread.

Coyote pitied the poor people, and meditated how he might rid the river of this great destroyer. He thought a long time, but could not devise any plan that promised success. He went early one morning to the edge of the cliff on the shore, and looked over to take observations. He soon saw her come up, but had no courage to do anything and so returned. Consulting his sisters, they advised him to transform himself into a feather and cause the water to float him over the monster's abode. This he did. She eyed the feather curiously, and was suspicious, but swallowed it down soon vomiting it up again. He floated back, and was spewed out like Jonah again. This was repeated until the fifth time, when the monster retained him. He now transformed himself into a strong Indian warrior, with knives and fire rods. It being extremely cold and dark, he began to feel

about for something with which to make a fire. Finding some fine soft substance which he thought would ignite, he twirled his fire rods and struck a blaze. On trying to light the material he found that it shriveled up and would not burn; it was the hair of a human being. Feeling around farther he found a canoe, and split off some pieces and built a warm fire, which illuminated the monster's stomach so that he could see. On looking around he was astonished to find people of various races, boats, fishing-tackle, and a great variety of stuff that had been swallowed. The people were all benumbed with cold, and were stupefied. Whatama, the eagle, was there, cold and wet, with bedraggled feathers, a sorry specimen of the god of the air. Coyote told all the people to come up and get warm. He said to the eagle, "I want you, when I tell you, to take this canoe in your beak and fly away with it to a high mountain and rescue these people."

Coyote looked up and saw the great heart of the monster beating and throbbing against her ribs. He had along five stone knives. He took one and sawed and cut away at the heart-strings of the god, but the knife broke. He then tried another, and it broke. With each knife he made some progress, and the monster was growing weaker. Just as the last knife broke the monster died. Whatama seized the boat in his beak, and flew away to a high mountain. Coyote rushed out after the eagle and the boat, and, reaching the shore, stood there and pronounced a curse upon the now despoiled river giantess: "Your career as a destroyer is ended. You can never swallow up and kill so many people again. You may remain and frighten fishermen, and occasionally may swallow a person from a strange tribe. A better race of people is coming; and you shall not destroy it." Coyote was almost too late in making his escape from the monster; and the tip of his tail was caught and begrimed. Ever since then, the end of the coyote's tail has been black.

AMASH, THE OWL, SLAIN BY COYOTE

THE owl figures very prominently in the myths of the Northwest Indians. Amash, the owl god in the age of animal people, was a great object of terror. Coyote, who subjugated so many other pests, slew Amash also.

One time, way back in the days of "the ancients," Coyote was traveling in Washington, somewhere below where Lewiston now is, and met Amash, the owl god, coming on the same trail. He had heard of this great destroyer; and, in order to conceal his identity, he immediately transformed himself into a magnificent young Indian warrior, rigged out in the most splendid manner. When they came up very near together, Coyote said, "Where do you come from?" Amash, the owl god, stood still, looking wise and sedate, but made no reply. Coyote said again, "Where do you come from?" Still no reply. He repeated the third time, when Amash replied by saying, "Where do you come from?" Coyote said: "I am from no other country than this where you are living. This is my country, and I am looking for somebody to eat." Amash then thought: "I never saw this man before. Who can he be?" He then spoke up to Coyote and said: "I have traveled all over this country and I never met you before." Coyote said: "I have been myself from one end of the world to the other. I have been where the sun rises, and where it goes down, and from north to south. You claim to have been eating people. Suppose we both vomit, and see who will throw up the most bones; and then we shall see which of us is the greatest." Amash said, "Yes, that is good." "Now," said Coyote, "let us both shut our eyes before we begin. We will then vomit and not open the eyes until I give the word. Be sure to keep your eyes shut until I say open."

Amash shut his eyes tightly, but Coyote managed to keep his partly open. So they both began to throw up the contents of their stomachs, Coyote discovering that the owl man had thrown up a vast quantity of skulls and other bones of human beings, and that his own pile only showed up a lot of bones of mice. Here was a dilemma that would tax even the ingenuity of a god; but Coyote was equal to the emergency, and adroitly slipped his own pile of

bones over to the owl, and took the owl's to himself. He then said to Amash, "Now let us open our eyes." When both had looked the owl was very much astonished; and Coyote said: "You see you eat nothing but mice, while I am the one who eats human beings; for the bones down there show for themselves." The owl proposed to make another trial, which was done. Every time Coyote took the owl's bones. When this had been done five times, Coyote said: "You have made great pretensions of eating people, but you show nothing but mice bones. I shall therefore take your head." So saying Coyote walked up to the owl and drew out his stone knife and cut off his head. He then said: "You have been killing and destroying long enough." Taking the owl's body, he flung it off to the mountains and continued: "You may stay there and hoot and scream and scare the traveler in the night, or make people feel lonely and sad at night; but you will never take human life. A new people are coming, and you are not to destroy them." Since that time the owl has been diminutive in size. He lives in unfrequented places, and makes people feel lonely by his hoo-hoo-ah, but has never killed anybody.

SPEELYAI FIGHTS EENUMTLA

EENUMTLA, or Thunder, was a very mighty god in the days of the Wat-tee-tash. He lived in the high mountains and clouds. His terrible roar filled every living thing with fear; and his searching gaze penetrated from his home in the clouds to every spot on the earth. The wink of his eye was the flashing of fire; and no living thing could hope to escape his notice. This thunder god abused his power, and made himself a tyrant. Seated high in the clouds, and always watching, whenever he saw anyone, he immediately spread dark clouds over him and thundered so violently as to make the world tremble; and with a flash of lightning his victim was stricken out of existence. The people were living in a state of continued terror, and scarcely dared come out of their houses for fear of being shot by the lightning.

The Indian god Speelyai (Coyote) came along one day and found the people in great consternation. He said to them: "What is the matter? Of what are you all so fearful?" They related how they lived in constant dread of the mighty Eenumtla, and scarcely dared to go out to fish, hunt or do anything. He told the terrified people he would break the power of the dreaded storm god. After much thought he failed to come to any conclusion as to the best mode of getting at the monster. As was his custom when in need of counsel or help, he called forth his sisters; and, when they had told him what to do, he said: "That is just what I thought, my sisters; that is my plan."

Following their directions, he transformed himself to a downy feather, and floated on the wind up to the thunder god, and over him, so as to get a good sight of him. He then came down in a whirlwind and alighted on a dry sunflower stalk, and sat there watching Eenumtla. During these movements the thunder god had been watching, and kept thinking: "That looks like a feather, and yet it looks like a man." He then raised up and took a better look. Being suspicous and in doubt, he said: "It probably is a feather that I knocked from someone the other day; and the wind has blown it here. I will

try a little rain on it and see what it will do." So saying, he raised up and thundered and sent a shower of rain down. The magic feather did not move. When the rain ceased all of a sudden, Coyote, in the form of a feather, rose up in the air and began to peal out thunder and flash lighning and pour rain down at a terrible rate. Eenumtla was amazed and sorely perplexed that so small an object as a downy feather should do such a wonderful thing. "I thought I was the only Thunder in the world." Feeling jealous at this usurping of his power and dignity, he flashed lightning at the little down and thundered at it, and sent down a deluge of water at his insignificant enemy. The disguised god Coyote became very angry, and began to flash lightning in the very eyes of the thunder god himself, so that he began to dodge and blink. Determined not to be outdone by so puny an antagonist, Eenumtla the thunderer shot back hot lightning, sending the fire at his eyes; yet Coyote did not dodge nor wink, but answered with lightnings more fierce and thunders more loud. The contest waged hotter and hotter. The thunderer shot thunderbolts at Coyote, and tore up the earth about him; and he in turn answered lightnings with flashes more terrific, and hurled the thunder god from his seat in the clouds. The enraged combatants then raised high up over the world, and fought amid rollings and crushings of thunder, and the demoniac play of lightnings and thunderbolts; while the storm clouds darkened the sky, and rain deluged the earth with fearful violence.

They finally came together in a fearful last death grip, in the midst of thick clouds and tempestuous elements; they fell to the ground with such force that they shook the whole world. Coyote fell on top of Eenumtla the thunderer, and began to beat him unmercifully with his war clubs. The fallen giant pleaded for mercy; but Coyote continued to pummel his antagonist until all the clubs were broken; and then he pronounced sentence upon the once haughty thunderer: "You shall no more make it your business to kill and terrify people. You may live, but can only thunder on hot, sultry days. You may flash lightning, but not to destroy." From that day the power of Eenumtla has been broken; and, though he sometimes terrifies, he seldom kills.

COYOTE OUTWITS THE BEAVER WOMEN AND SUPPLIES THE PEOPLE WITH SALMON

THROUGHOUT all the Northwest there is a myth current which represents that in the long, long ago there were salmon; but that in some way they were not permitted to come up the rivers. In nearly all the myths the rivers were said to have a sort of dam or obstruction thrown across that prevented the fish coming up. This dam was locked up or made secure some way with something like a key. This dam belonged to and was kept by women.

The Columbia river Indians say that in the animal age the people up the river could get no salmon. They were very hungry; and Coyote, seeing their suffering, decided to go down and "bring the salmon." There was a big dam down at Astoria presided over by five young women ("beaver women") who kept watch and allowed no fish to go up the river. Coyote made a boat and in it started down to the mouth of the river. Before reaching the place, he transformed himself into a little Indian papoose lashed on a baby board; and thus metamorphosed he went floating down towards the dam or obstruction. When he was near where the young women lived, one of them happened to come down to the water's edge like Pharaoh's daughter of old. When Coyote in the form of a baby perceived the young woman near, he began to cry very pitifully to attract her attention. She saw him, and her tender woman's heart was touched. She ran and called her sisters and said: "O sisters! I have found a baby. Somebody must have been in a canoe and got upset; and this little fellow has not drowned." After making much ado over the little waif, one of them said, "Let us take him and feed him, and raise him up to be a man for us to live with us." This proposition was readily approved; for they were five young women living alone. They took him to their camp. When they had all gone away, leaving the little fellow alone, Coyote resumed his wolf form and began to smell about for something to eat. He ate up their salmon and other food; and, when he heard them returning, he immediately changed

himself back to the little mewling baby again. The women were off most of the day watching the fish; and they soon began to miss things and wonder what the trouble was. After five days spent this way, Coyote determined to accomplish his mission. He prepared himself for his work, and went down to the water to unlock the dam. The earth began to tremble; and then the women, who were some ways off, were alarmed, and said: "That is strange! It is wonderful; that baby has something wonderful about it. It must be the cause of this." They then saw Coyote in his own proper form, and fell upon him and struck him. He plunged into the water, the dam opened, and the salmon shot up stream in myriads; and the wants of the people were supplied. That is the Klickitat version. The Klamaths and Modocs have an almost identical story to account for the salmon in the Klamath river.

ROCK MYTHS

ON the Tieton river in Washington, there is a little valley in which there are a number of large rocks standing up, the most prominent of them all being called by the Indians Me-ah-wa, that is, chieftain. A legend says that Speelyai (Coyote), in the days of the ancients, had a son named Me-ah-wa. This young man was a handsome young warrior and chief, who had a young wife who was about to become a mother, and the young man was anxious to add another wife to his domestic circle, as he had grown tired of his first woman. He and his wife were camping in this little valley on the Tieton. One day he went into his sweathouse near the water to sweat and bathe. On coming out to plunge into the water, he noticed a great many young women from all parts of the country standing around the edges of the valley watching him. They had come, each hoping and wishing to be chosen as his second wife. The legend says there were girls there from Spokane, Klickitat, Yakima, Walla Walla and from all sections of Eastern Washington. When Me-ah-wa crawled out of the sweathouse, he discovered these young women standing off and looking at him, and, feeling abashed at being caught in such a position, turned his back towards them but looked back over his shoulder. He understood their wishes, but gave them no sign of approval. About that time Speelyai, his father, who was standing off in the direction of the Yakima, began to jump and dance about and clap his hands, saying, "Oh, my son is going to get him another wife!" In the twinkling of an eye, by some kind of encantment or magic power, Me-ah-wa and all the young women were transformed to stone, where they have stood ever since.

The different groups of stones are pointed out as the young women of different tribes. The five nearest Me-ah-wa are called the Wisham women, or women from the "Tumwater" above The Dalles. Each group is named after some tribe. Me-ah-wa's wife here gave birth to a child; both mother and child are pointed out, as is the sweathouse also. They say that the young women had with them such food as abounded around their homes, and that the moment they were turn-

ing to stone they dropped these edibles, consisting of berries, seeds, camas and various roots, and that they took root and grew and have come every year since. The great variety of Indian food that grows about there is thus accounted for.

The Indians had names for a great many of the large rocks on the Columbia river, and connected with each was a myth or legend. Between the White Salmon and Little White Salmon rivers there is a large ridge or body of rock lying endwise towards the river and reaching out into the water. This the Indians gave a name signifying "Baby-on-the-board," and from its fancied resemblance to a pappoose lashed to the Indian cradle there undoubtedly arose the following myth. In the days when Speelyai was going around over the world doing so many wonderful things for the people, slaying monsters and instituting laws and usages, this rock was a huge living baby, which was suspended by cords or ropes high in the air across the river. There this giant infant had been hanging for ages (rather old for an infant), and Coyote, coming up the Columbia one day, observed the prodigy, and seemed to be displeased. He took his big stone knife and cut the cord that held the Titanian infant, and it came down with a plunge into the water. Its feet being still held, it swung towards the Washington side, the head falling into the Columbia.

What the Whites call Eagle Rock was anciently a goddess, the daughter of the Indian god Speelyai. This daughter was slim and bony, and neither handsome nor attractive. As a result, her hand was never sought by suitor; and she in consequence became an old maid. On account of a crime costing her her good name and reputation for chastity, she was transformed to stone—a humiliating example for all the Indian old maids in succeeding generations.

A few miles above the Cascades on the Columbia, there is a round-bottomed "pot hole" in the rocks which the Cascade Indians called "Coyote's Kettle." Here they say he used to cook his salmon. For a long time, people had been eating their fish and other food raw, and only knew of one way of baking bread, and that was by the heat of the sun. In this way they dried their salmon and berries; but Coyote taught them at this place to cook. Having caught a

quantity of salmon, he put them in this pot hole and poured water over them. He then heated boulders and threw them in, which heated up the water and caused it to boil. When the fish were done, he called up all the people and made a great feast. He thus showed them how to cook, and at the same time ordained the salmon feast, which he commanded them to celebrate every spring on the coming of the salmon. He also instructed them how to broil salmon on sticks, and gave them a start in the art of cooking generally.

LEGEND OF THE TICK

IN Washington, up the Naches river on the north side, there is a high, bold mountain that has been famous among the tribes of that country as a hunting ground, the deer especially abounding. In the ancient animal age, so the myth goes, Upsha, the tick god and progenitor of the present race of ticks, lived. The place was called Ta-hat-hat. A little serpentine lake there was called by the Kittitas Indians Sklee. At this place the Indian god Coyote used to have a sweathouse, which they point out to this day, a sunken place where there are a good many stones. On this mountain old Upsha, who, it must be understood, was a terror for size, lived and was the possessor of an immense herd of deer, mountain sheep, elk, and all kinds of animals whose flesh is good for food. He had these animals all tamed so that he could go about among them without their being afraid of him. Here he lived in great ease, killing a deer or elk whenever he liked, and was boss of the situation. Coyote, on the contrary, was eking out rather a precarious living, taking what he could pick up—a mouse, squirrel, grasshopper, or whatever he could find.

Seeing Upsha having so easy a time, and himself having to "rustle" so hard for subsistence, the wily god determined to make way with Upsha and take possession of the flocks and herds. Intent on this purpose, he journeyed up the mountain to the Upsha mansion. Arriving there, he found the tick god sweating and bathing. Being weary and dusty, he begged that Upsha would permit him to refresh himself with a bath and a sweat. Permission being granted, he entered the sweathouse. When inside he found the structure was made in a very novel manner, as it was formed of the body of an immense deer, the ribs coming down on each side like the bent poles generally used by the Indians in the construction of their bathhouses. Old Upsha heated rocks and passed them in to Coyote. The heat radiating from the hot stones caused the fat to fry and drip down from the ribs; and the smell was exceedingly delicious to the hungry god; so he held up his mouth and caught the dripping fat. He felt as though he were in a veritable heaven, and determined to murder old Tick at the first

opportunity. While he was forming his plan, Upsha could discern his thoughts, and was also planning to defeat him. In the night, Coyote got up and went to Upsha and attempted to choke him to death. He held him down a long time until he thought the tick god was dead, and then left him. No sooner had he left than Upsha jumped and ran outside, and called to all his herds and flocks to fly for life. The deer which formed his house sprang to life and fled; but Upsha clung to his hair, and was being carried off at a great speed, when he raised up, and looking back, began to taunt the outwitted coyote god, who was left standing alone, saying: "You ought to have had more sense than to try to squeeze a tick to death. Why didn't you put me on a rock and crack me with a stone?" And then he laughed in derision, which made Coyote very angry; and he cursed Upsha, saying: "You will never kill any more game. You shall be little and feeble, and crawl around on animals' hair, and only have power to suck a little blood." So the tick has been a bloodsucker ever since.

RABBIT MYTHS

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact that almost if not quite all the Indians throughout the continent have myths connecting the rabbit and sun. Most of these myths represent the rabbit as being angry at the sun for scorching his back. Our Oregon and Washington Indians say that anciently the sun was not regular in his visits to the world. He lived in a dark cave somewhere off in the West; and sometimes he went away and remained so long that everybody was freezing, and there was much distress; then again he would return so close as to burn everybody and everything, so that his capricious way of doing was the source of endless trouble. In all the tribes there are myths that show an antipathy of the rabbit to the sun, and a conflict or trial of strength or cunning in which rabbit comes off victorious.

The Omahas in Nebraska and Iowa had a myth in which the rabbit snared the sun with a bow string. Finding the sun caught, he was afraid to go up and take his game, as the sun was so fiery and hot. He finally mustered up courage, turned his head low down between his fore feet, and rushed up and cut the bow-string snare. When he raised up he found he had not been quick enough; the sun had scorched him between the shoulders and gone up into the sky again. Rabbits all have a brown spot on their backs in commemoration of this event.

The Indians from the Cascade Mountains eastward relate a legend something as follows. There are a good many variations, however, and some make the story very long. In the days of the ancients, the sun one time stayed away a long time, and the people were anxiously awaiting his return. They were very cold, and were shivering about in the darkness. The jack rabbit god was sitting around the campfire with his little children, watching for the sun to come back; and becoming very weary, he went to sleep. While he was sleeping, the sun came so near that it began to scorch his back. The little children awoke the parent rabbit, saying, "O father! your back is all on fire." When he was thoroughly awakened and saw what the sun had done, he was very angry, and told his children that

he was going to fight the sun; that he would shoot him with his bow and arrows. He armed himself and started towards the East, and traveled many days. He finally reached the edge of the world where the sun came up, and sat down to watch for the coming of his enemy. He had a bow and five arrows. After watching a long time, the dilatory sun came in sight, when the rabbit sent an arrow at his face; but the sun consumed it. He then shot the second arrow; and it, too, was burned, and never reached the sun. He thus shot four of his arrows, and had not even touched his enemy. Only one was now left; it was, however, the mystic fifth, the charmed arrow. To prevent its burning the hero wet it with a tear (rabbits' eyes were always full of water); and then he put it to his bow and shot. This time the arrow went straight to the sun, and shattered it into ten thousand fragments, which fell like firebrands all over the world, setting fire to everything. The rabbit god now had to fly before the conflagration. Some of the tribes say he flew to a little scrubby, worthless kind of scrub, and besought its help, crawling under its low branches for protection. He was compelled to fly from every hiding-place, and so went jumping all over the world, which now got so hot that it burned off first his toes, then his feet, and then his legs and body; and nothing was left but his head. But on it kept going over mountains and valleys, until it struck a stone and burst, or some say it swelled and burst, when the water from his eyes (tears) poured forth a flood that quenched the grand conflagration. The animal gods then had a big council and decided that thereafter the sun should not be so irregular and capricious, but should travel around the world every day and make the seasons, and should no more come so near as to burn people or wander away and leave them to freeze.

FROG AND THE MOON

AMONG the tribes of the Northwest there are a good many mystic tales in which the frog and the moon are connected. One story says that a long time ago the frog jumped to the moon and has ruled that body ever since. According to some of the tribes up Snake river, the whippoorwill or night hawk made the orb of night. According to the resident philosophers in that region, the whippoorwill, wanting a light suitable for his pursuits, determined to make a moon, and used the frog as material. By witchcraft or magic, the cool batrachian was transformed to a luminous full moon, and hung in the heavens, frog side out, for the benefit of succeeding generations. The Indian says, "frog in the moon," instead of "man in the moon." Some of the Indians in the extreme northwest of Washington appear to have at one time worshiped the moon, or to have appealed to it in times of storms. It is certain that some of the tribes in British Columbia did.

MOUNTAIN LAKE MYTHS

THE Oregon and Washington Indians were very superstitious in regard to lakes, caves or any place in nature where silence or gloomy darkness prevailed. Crater Lake in Southern Oregon has many myths and legends connected with it. Sunk deep down in the mountain, being surrounded by high rocky walls, its dark waters are smooth and silent as the tomb. This wonderful abode of silence filled the Indian with awe and superstitious dread. He believed that lake was the abode of spirits long since departed; and it was with great unwillingness he would go about or near it. In many places in the mountains where the Indians resorted late in the summer for huckleberries and to hunt game, there are small lakes. In Washington, about the base of Mounts Adams and Rainier, there are several. Between these peaks there is a lower plateau or range called by the Indians Sheep Mountain, because of the abundance of mountain sheep always found there. Some of these little lakes are very picturesque and beautiful. Others are small, dark, deep and surrounded with tall timber that makes them very quiet and lonely. Connected with these little pools are various superstitions. Some of them are believed to be presided over by gods or genii connected with the formation of rain. These gods or demons do not like to have the waters disturbed, having a desire to be forever quiet and still. Of some of these lakes the Indians believe that if the water be disturbed in any way the spirits will be angry or some way offended, and send rain down upon the offenders. They are careful, therefore, not to trouble the waters in any way, such as by throwing in stones, getting water for cooking, or watering their ponies. The Indians firmly believe these things and act accordingly.

An intelligent half-breed assured the writer that he certainly believed that there was something in the lakes that caused rain when the waters were disturbed. He related his experiences, which he regarded as settling the matter in his mind at least. Being camped up in the mountains one time with a party of Indians after huckleberries, he, one fine sunny day, became very warm running about hunting

berries; and, coming across one of these little lakes, he undressed and went in for a swim. Soon after coming out, the clouds began to gather, and the rain poured down in torrents. In the evening, when the company had gathered in the camp, the inquiry went around whether any of the party had been troubling the waters of the lake. The young man had to acknowledge what he had done, and was cautioned not to do so again. The following morning the sun came up bright, and a beautiful, clear, blue sky indicated fine weather. Our hero, not altogether believing in the Indian superstition, concluded to tempt the spirit or genii in the lakes again, and to test for himself the truth or falsity of the rumored mystery connected with the waters. With this purpose intent, he went to the pool once more; and, going up on a hillside above, he found a large stone, which he dislodged and sent rolling and crashing down the hillside among the brush to the lake's edge, where it plunged into a dark, deep hole. The water bubbled and acted very strangely, he thought, and kept boiling and swirling for some time. In a short time the sky was overcast with black clouds; and the rain was pouring down worse than before. The company gathered in camp; and the mysterious occurrence was talked over with feelings of superstitious awe. It was determined they should break camp and leave, they feeling sure that if they stayed longer some dire calamity might overtake them.

Some of these lakes are reported to have strange animals living in them—the spirits or ghosts of deceased beings who existed ages ago. They have wonderful stories about these mysterious beings. At night, when all is dark and silent, these ghostly beings come out and gather food on the shores. Some of the lakes are believed to be the abode of the souls of little children who lived in the time of the "ancients." At night, when stillness reigns, the lonely silence is broken by the cries of the little babies. The prints of their little naked feet have been found in the soft mud and wet sand around the margin of the water. They even tell of a strange kind of elk that have been seen to come out of the lakes and feed on the shores, and then disappear as mysteriously as they come. In the mountains, where the Indians gather for their hunting or berry-gathering, is a favorite place for relating their old myths and folk-lore legends. Deep in the solitudes of the mountain forests, gathered about their campfires,

beneath the lofty pines and firs, while the cool night winds of the mountain sighed soft and mournful music in the swaying branches, the untutored savages, spellbound, listened to the stories about the strange events that took place amid these scenes in the wonderful "long ago."

There is much reason to believe that, sometime in the remote ages of the past, the Columbia river valley was a great lake, barred from the ocean by the Cascade Mountains, and that the bed of the river was gradually worn through by the water. There must have been a long period when the country about The Dalles and far above was deeply submerged in water. Klickitat valley may have been wholly or partly covered with water also. There is hardly a probability that the ancestors of the present race of Indians were living at that time.

The Puget Sound Indians have legends connected with their lakes, springs and lonely places in nature very similar and in many cases identical with those east of the mountains. Besides the rain lakes they have a "snow plant" and "rain plant," in which the spirit of snow or rain resides; and, whenever one of these plants is plucked off or pulled up, rain or snow is certain to follow. The Indians regard these plants as sacred and mysterious, and will not disturb them.

The Dalles, Klickitat and other Indians just east of the Cascade Mountains have a tradition that there was a time when the Yakima and Kittitas valleys, and all the country up the Columbia above The Dalles was covered with water. This was before the present race of Indians existed, they say. The "animal people" or Wat-tee-tla-ma then dwelt on the higher grounds and mountains around. They have marvelous stories about the great animals that used to be seen swimming around on and in the waters. Coyote, the Indian god, used to walk around on the mountains about the valleys and watch one particular monster beast. The Indians go so far as to describe the color of its hair and how it acted in the water. In process of time the water dried up and the beast died. A few years ago there were bones of some huge extinct animal found near a marshy place on the Yakima. These were the remains, so the Indians say, of the monster animal.

The American continent has been prolific in specimens of the bones of extinct mammalia of large proportions. The Indians have undoubtedly been acquainted with these for ages. The fact that they had no knowledge of when these animals existed no doubt gave rise to various surmises and stories. The observation of these remains which in ancient times were doubtless more numerous and in better state of preservation probably gave rise to the general belief among the Indians of an ancient race of giant "animal people." The finding of the bones of a pterodactyl would very readily suggest the myth of "Wa-wa," the ancient mosquito god. The bones of ancient silurians and other reptiles would very naturally suggest myths like those we find related of the snake gods of the "animal people." Seeing there are no animals of like proportions existing at the present time, there must be some method of explaining how this "fall" or degeneracy came about. There is a natural tendency with all people to think that former times were better than the present. Old men deplore the degeneracy and corruption of the present age; the young men of today are not what they formerly were; politicians are more corrupt; there is less pure patriotism than formerly; times and things are "down at the heel." This characteristic of civilized people is still more prominent among the Indians. We therefore find them inventing a mythology representing a race of giant gods existing in former times, who have fallen or been put down; and they point to the bones of extinct animals, reptiles and birds to prove the truth of their deductions.

The following legend of the Palouse Indians is directly connected with the remains of some extinct animal. On the Palouse at a certain point there is a cave or hole in a rocky cliff that stands near the shore. Here in the magic age of the animal people there lived five giant women. These women devoured human beings; and, in order to catch the poor Indians, they made a great feast and dance and decoyed them to it. While they were feasting and having a good time, the giant women suddenly pounced upon the unsuspecting people and rapidly devoured them. Their way of taking the victims was to catch them about the knees, and lift them up as a child might handle a little doll. They were then thrust into the giants' mouths head foremost, and bit into two about the middle. That part was then swal-

lowed and the lower part of the body and legs were shoved in and gulped down. The Indians describe this as all taking place in the twinkling of an eye; and, one being swallowed, another was grabbed up and shared the same fate, until the whole assemblage was swallowed. If anyone expressed doubt as to the truth of the story, they were told of a huge jawbone and teeth that had been often seen lying near the bank. The story must be true; there was the visible proof—the very teeth and jaws that did the mischief.

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE

PERHAPS there is nothing that has given rise among the Indians to so many mythic tales as that of fire. To their untutored mind it was an enigma, and partook of something in the nature of a spirit. It did not grow; it must be kindled; if left alone it went out. Someone made it; and how it first came among men exercised his ingenuity to explain. With it there was warmth, light, comfort and life; without it there was cold, darkness and death. To see it spring forth from the cold, solid flint or from the chafed wood was a profound mystery. Several legends are handed down relative to its origin upon earth, the more prevalent one being that, in the "long, long ago," the earth was inhabited by the "animal people" who for want of fire were suffering with the cold, and were obliged to eat their meat and other food raw. Speelyai was chieftain over all the tribes of animal people; so he one day called them all around him and said: "We must have fire; we are all freezing, and eating our food raw. Who among you will get us fire. There is fire in the sky; and the people living there have good times, and are warm and have plenty of cooked food." Various propositions as to the best plan to procure the needed fire were discussed, when it was finally decided that someone should shoot an arrow up to the sky. Speelyai said he would shoot first. He then took a bow and sent an arrow up. On and up it went for a long time; but after a while it came back. It had not struck the sky—had not reached the fire. Various bird and animal people tried their hand at shooting; but their arrows always fell short of the mark and came back. The beaver finally took the bow and shot; and the arrow stuck in the sky, which in the Indians' belief is a kind of material canopy. He then shot again; and the second arrow fastened itself in the bow-string notch of the first. And so on in like manner with all the arrows he shot, until five quiverfuls were exhausted. When the last quiver was empty, there was a long rod reaching from the earth up to the sky. Speelyai said, "Who will go up to heaven (or the sky) and bring the fire down?" After waiting some time for a reply, the dog expressed a willingness to make the attempt, saying: "I will bring

the fire. I will carry it in my mouth. I will slip in and get the fire quick, and come down as fast as I can with it."

So the dog went climbing up for a long time. On reaching the sky, he cut a hole through it and crawled up into the sky country. Here he found that the people lived as those on the earth, with the exceptions that their surroundings were of a vastly superior quality; and everything was more beautiful. Being hungered after his long climb, he began a hunt for food. The only thing in the way of eatables to be found was some filth, which he devoured. Contrary to what might have been expected, he found it not only palatable but much suited to his tastes; and this, together with the cheerfulness of his surroundings, induced him to forego the object for which he came and determine to remain permanently in the sky country. The people down on the earth after a while began to wonder why Koosi, the dog, was gone so long. The beaver said: "I will go up, and when I get the fire I will put it under my long finger nails. You must all then follow up after me. When I get up there, all the people in heaven will wonder what kind of a strange animal I am, and will see how sleek and fat I am, and will kill me and cut me up and get ready to eat me. About that time they will all be in the house. You people must all rush up and fall upon them; and they will be frightened and run away. I will then get the fire, and we will all come back." So the beaver went up the arrow rod to the sky; and sure enough, when he got there, the people were much surprised; and, as he had foretold, they caught and killed him and then seeing all the animal people he had with him they became panic stricken and scampered away. Immediately the beaver resumed his original form, came to life, snatched the fire and hid it under his long finger nails; and all the animals came down in precipitate haste. Some succeeded in getting down all right, but their weight was so great that they broke the arrow, and some of them fell. Speelyai himself fell and mashed out, and was changed to a common coyote. Some of the animals fell into the water and remained there as fishes, some flew out into the air as birds. A number of peculiarities of animals were acquired in this wonderful ascent to the sky and the fall occasioned by the breaking of the arrow rod. The

people ever afterwards had fire to warm by and to cook their food.

Another legend known to all the tribes from Klamath Lake to Northern Washington was something as follows: All the fire in existence was anciently in the possession of two old wrinkled hags, who would neither sell, loan, nor give it away. They were deaf to all blandishments or threats. Do what he might, no Indian could get any fire. Coyote was besought by the people to do something to help them procure fire; for they were cold and needed cooked food. After much thought Coyote worked out a plan. He expected a hard struggle and a big race; and so he stationed the various animals out in a line reaching from the old grannies' place of abode to the animal people's country. The strongest and best runners he put on the stations nearest the old hags, and tapered off with the weaker. Coyote appointed a man to secrete himself near the old women's lodge, and instructed him that at a given signal he should attack them. Everything being arranged, Coyote went up to the hut complaining of the cold, and begged permission to go in and get warm. The old hags, not thinking of anything wrong, permitted him to enter the wigwam. All at once the concealed man jumped up and rushed at the women. During the fighting and scratching, Coyote snatched a brand of fire and rushed off towards the Indian camps. The old hags, seeing their fire going, struck out after Coyote, pressing him hard. With lolling tongue and panting breath he came up to the panther, who took the brand and went on with it; and, just as he was about to give out, the bear took it and carried it on to another animal; and so the brand passed from one to another, the old hags all the while pressing on, trying to regain their stolen fire. Luckily the firebrand passed safely along the line until it fell to the poor little squatty frog. By this time there was not much left of the brand; and froggy was never noted as a runner. With his slow and labored hopping, the old women overtook him. It was no use to try to run farther, as he was going to be caught. Just then he swallowed the fire and jumped into the river, and went to the bottom with the coveted fire in his stomach. Between the hard racing and the fire, it had gone hard with the frog; for he had lost the tail of his youth, and was a stumpy representative of his former self.

He came up, however, and spit the fire out upon pieces of wood. The Indians have always had fire since, for it has remained in wood and can be extracted by rubbing or twirling.

Another version of the origin of fire represents that the fire was anciently kept by five old blind women who lived together. They had five firebrands each, and were always counting them over to see if they had lost any. They were very suspicious of each other, each always expecting the others at any time to steal a brand. While they were counting their brands, Coyote slipped stealthily up and stole one. The old woman immediately discovered her loss and accused the others of taking it. They got to quarreling, and then fell to fighting; and, while they were fighting and scratching, Coyote gathered the firebrands and ran off with them to the people.

WATER NYMPHS

ALL the Indians of the Northwest believe that in springs and fountains there live a kind of nymphs or spirits having visible form and color. These beings are called "beaver women," and are described as having the face of the ordinary Indian woman, only she is usually painted bright red; the hair is long and comes down to the waist. These women never come up more than halfway out of the water; all below the breasts is covered with hair or fur. These beings are the spirits of dead ancients. One woman only lives in each spring or fountain. If the nymph was out or was to appear, a passerby would hear a sound of a baby crying, and would wonder, "Where can that baby be out here?" He would then hear a sound as of a mother soothing the baby in Indian fashion, saying, "h'loo-loo-loo-loo-loo, h'loo-loo-loo-loo." On coming up nearer the nymph would be seen in the water halfway out, holding in her arms a little infant, also painted red with Indian paint. Her long hair came down to the water. If any noises were made, she immediately went down and disappeared. On approaching the water, it was found to be still and clear; and everything was silent, giving no appearance of anyone or anything having been about. Sometimes the prints of the baby's bare feet might be found in the soft mud around. If the woman happened to stop soothing the baby, and raised her head and saw anyone who might be passing, that look was the look of the sorcerer—it brought death to the person. It might not occur immediately; but it followed soon. Not all of these beaver women were represented as having infants with them; some of them were represented as maidens.

In the Yakima country there is a spring where formerly an Indian man used to live, that is, a being in the form of a naked Indian man. He would mysteriously pop up out of the water, stand there as naked as Adam for a few moments, then suddenly vanish out of sight. The Indians say that some forty years ago a number of old chiefs, among whom was Kamiakia, got up a party of twenty men and went to dig out this wonderful Indian spirit. They spent a whole day in the operation, and ran long poles in where the water emerged; but, strangely enough to them, they found no man nor spirit.

WAWA, THE MOSQUITO GOD

ACCORDING to the philosophy of the Eastern Washington tribes, the mosquito, or Wawa, was in the time of the ancients a wonderful being. His place of abode is variously located. Generally it is at or near some locality now noted for mosquitos. The Peshkoes located the ancient home of Wawa near the mouth of the Satas, not far from the present crossing of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Here this giant Wawa had his house in a narrow place hemmed in by the bluff. Wawa was much larger than any man now living; and his bill or proboscis was three or four feet long, and very sharp and powerful. When anyone attempted to pass, the old god came out and thrust him through and sucked up his blood. He had been slaughtering the poor people at a terrible rate, and was thinning them out dreadfully, when Speelyai or Coyote determined to destroy him and relieve them of this incubus. He was at a loss how to succeed. On the present occasion, Coyote had to resort to his sister oracles. They said to him: "You must get five kinds of wood to make rods to twirl to make fire. Hide these in your bosom and go to where Wawa lives, and obey our directions. So he set out on his journey to the giant mosquito's home. In the myths, Coyote almost always had to go a long way to perform his wonderful exploits.

When he neared Wawa's place, the giant or god called out: "Where are you going? You can't go by here. This is my road and I don't allow anyone to pass here." Coyote became very polite and spoke in the blandest manner possible, saying: "My friend, I see you are very cold, and have no fire in your house. Let me make you a fire, so that you can warm yourself." Wawa, not suspecting any treachery, permitted him to go in; for really the weather was cold and damp, and made the mosquito god feel very stiff and sluggish. So Coyote took out his five fire rods. With the first he twirled and worked; but no fire came. He then took another, but no fire. And so he went through all until the fifth, when lo! the wood ignited and blazed up. When Coyote had got a big fire going, he smothered it down and filled the lodge with strong smoke. Old Wawa could not get his

breath, and so laid down on the ground to breathe. Taking advantage of the old fellow's situation, Coyote said: "You are not going to kill people any more. You have been a terror to everybody; but your power shall be put down. I will split open your head; and from it shall come a diminutive race. But they shall not have power to kill; they may fly about people's faces, and may annoy them, and draw a little blood, but shall not take life any more." Whereupon Coyote raised his huge stone knife, and with a tremendous blow split the giant's head open at one stroke; and immediately there swarmed forth myriads of little mosquitos such as have existed ever since. Since that time the mosquito cannot stand smoke; and by this lesson from Coyote the people learned to protect themselves by making a smudge or big fire. The scene of this performance has been the worst plagued by mosquitos of any part of the earth ever since, so they say.

ORIGIN OF THE CHIPMUNK

A PRETTY little legend is told that accounts for the stripes on the chipmunk's back. A long time ago there was an old woman who destroyed young infants whenever and wherever she could find them. She had long, sharp claws, and sharp, savage teeth, and eyes like fire. She had a mode of charming the little babies, crooning to them and enticing them to her; and when they were in her power she rent their soft flesh like a wolf devouring a lamb. She had been exercising her diabolical powers for a long time; and many a poor mother in the land was mourning the loss of her little ones. This wretch had become the terror of every mother who had an infant. One time the monster caught a little Indian baby, and was about to devour it in sight of its frantic mother. The poor woman, wild with fear and grief, besought the Great Spirit to save the child. In answer to her prayer, the little baby was transformed into a beautiful little chipmunk, which sprang away from the old wretch and ran off. As it jumped, she grabbed at it with her hand; and her sharp claws scraped along the little fellow's back and made black stripes, which all chipmunks have since retained.

ORIGIN OF THE LOON

THE lonely cry of the loon, as it slowly flew over the lakes and marshes, impressed the Indian mind with a sense of awe. A legend says that many, very many years ago, there was a family of Indian children who used to play a great deal about the water, tracking and paddling around in the soft mud. Their mother forbid their going into the water; but they would go. She finally punished them; and they went off crying among the tules, and, wandering farther and farther away, were transformed into loons. The parents and friends hunted everywhere for them; and, when they went about the water among the rushes, the children in the form of loons would rise and cry and go flying away. Indian women are thus constantly reminded that they should not be too harsh and severe in punishing their little ones.

CASTILTAH, THE CRAYFISH OR LOBSTER GOD

ACCORDING to the Yakima cosmogony, there was in the age of the "ancients" a large lake on the Toppenish river or creek, at a place now known as Big Willows. The Indian name of this place is Shwee-ash. In this lake there lived Castiltah, the crayfish god, a sort of Neptune of the little sea. He was of immense proportions. His spreading arms reached out like a mighty octopus. His great pincers would crush an Indian as easily as a sledge hammer would break an eggshell. This god claimed ownership of the lake, all the fish, all the ta-hoosh (Indian flax) that grew on its banks, and all the camas, which was very plentiful. Castiltah watched over all these things with a jealous eye, and drove away intruders. He permitted Indians to go and gather flax, and to take fish or dig camas, but was liable at any time to become offended. If they took too much flax, or fished too long, or in any other way displeased him, he forthwith drove the intruders away. By the power of his will or by magic he could cause the water to seethe and boil and flow out in any direction. When he wished to drive anyone from his possessions, he caused the water to rise in a wave and run out after him. If the person had been stealing fish or camas, he must at once drop them and fly for his life; for, if he persisted in holding onto the articles, he was swallowed up and destroyed. If he dropped them, the waves carried them back to Castiltah and his wrath was appeased, and the waves subsided.

Near-by there was a fishing place not as good as the lake. At this place, to this day, the Indians say that if they go and fish they will for a time get good fish, and everything will be all right; but soon they will begin to see strange fish coming about their hooks, appearing as if they had coals of fire in their mouths. These strange fish are sent by the spirit of Castiltah to warn them to get away; and if they do not, but continue fishing, they feel the bank begin to crumble under them, and experience other premonitions of the impending wrath of the crayfish spirit. No Indian dares to further

tempt the water god, but will get up and leave at once. The Indians say that, when aroused by Castiltah, the waters seethed and boiled very mysteriously, then rose up in ridges which ran out and around as if trying to head off the fleeing fishermen or camas-diggers.

WAK-A-POOSH, THE RATTLESNAKE

IN the Wat-tee-tash times, Wak-a-poosh, the rattlesnake, was, according to all the Northwestern tribes, a mighty god. Among the other animal gods he was a conjurer, and had the "big medicine." He lived in a fine stone mansion, led a very indolent life, and spent much of his time out sunning himself about his premises. He was an incessant talker, boasting of his power, and had three heads instead of one as he has now. The sound of his rattles cast a sort of fatal spell over the other people, and they became "crazy." He gazed at them and charmed or in some way paralyzed them, so that they permitted him to swallow them. As was his custom, Coyote consulted his sisters and they advised him not to strike first at Wak-a-poosh's head, but to smite off his rattles, and then he would be able to conquer him. After much strategy and cunning, he succeeded in disabling the monster, and cursed him, permitting him to live, but with only one head and one set of rattles.

The tribes up Snake river say that witches live in the old cast-off snake skins,and that the echo is caused by these witches repeating the sounds that are made in their hearing. How this all came about was that a certain witch was once hotly pursued by the eagle, and ran to the rattlesnake for protection. He was lying out basking in the sun, and could do nothing against the enemy, and so opened his mouth and the witch ran in. His snakeship, not being accustomed to that sort of diet, was made deathly sick and he tried so hard to vomit the witch up that he wriggled out of his skin, leaving the witch in that.

Feeling relieved, and not knowing what had become of the load in his stomach, he looked back at his old skin and said, "Old witch, where are you?" She tauntingly replied, in the same tone of voice, "Old witch, where are you?" Witches have lived in snake skins ever since, and mock the passersby.

THE TUMWATER LUMINOUS STONE GOD

THE "Tumwater" Indians above The Dalles, who call themselves Wishams, have a tradition saying that ages ago there was at Tumwater a large, white, luminous stone—a sort of fortune god for the tribe. It shone at night, lighting up the water so that they could see to fish or carry on other avocations. It was a guardian over the welfare and destiny of the people. By its protection, light and favoring influence the Wishams prospered and led a very happy and contented life, having an abundance of fish and all the comforts of Indian living. Seeing their good fortune and happy condition, the clans around were very envious; and, knowing that these blessings were attributable to the white stone god, they determined to humiliate the Wishams and rob them of their prosperity by destroying the stone. They formed an alliance, and made war upon the fishermen people, overpowered them, and then rolled their big white stone protector into the Columbia. When night came on, the poor Wishams missed their accustomed light and stumbled about in darkness. They were in trouble; things did not seem to go as well with them as formerly. They finally found the stone in the water and managed some way to get it out, and set it up, when its benign light and influence were felt again; and the people once more prospered. After a time the jealousy of the surrounding tribes became so great that they made common cause against the Wishams; and their wonderful stone genius was completely demolished.

THE WOODEN FIREMAN OF THE CASCADES

THE following legend is a direct proof that the Indians believed that inanimate objects even have a spirit essence, and that in the time of the "ancients" objects without life formerly exhibited intelligence. In the Wat-tee-tash age there used to be an old wooden man who lived down below the Cascades. He was in the shape of the Indians' fire-making machine. This apparatus consisted of rods for twirling, and a block of wood. The Indian god Coyote, when going down the river, heard the old wooden man in the form of a machine going around and around with a creaking noise. He stopped, pricked up his ears and listened, when he thought he heard the word "pitli, pitli, pitli" repeated, which in the Klickitat language means nephew. The sound was so doleful he thought it was some one mourning for a dead nephew. His sympathies were moved, and he also began to mourn by howling most lamentingly. The old wooden man heard the noise and was startled, and ceased his turnings to listen, when his creakings stopped. Coyote, finding the lamentations had ceased, his own grief likewise was assuaged; and he silenced his howling. The old fire-maker once more resumed his work of turning and twisting around, and the squeaking began again, "pitli! pitli! pitli!" Whereupon Coyote's feelings were again wrought upon; and he broke out in fresh howlings. Four times the old fire-maker stopped and started again. Each time Coyote was deceived, thinking the creaking of the old man was someone mourning for a dead nephew. The fifth time Coyote perceived the deception; and, going up to the fire-maker, who had now struck a blaze, he took his fire and pronounced a curse upon him, changing him to stone, saying, "You will never make fire any more, nor cry 'pitli! pitli!' to deceive people and harrow up their feelings." So Coyote took the fire and gave it to the Cascade Indians, who have had it ever since. The poor old fire-maker stands on the shores of the Columbia a silent cold stone, bearing the name of the Indian fire machine, but never more disturbs the passersby with the noise of his turnings.

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We read in the histories of Eastern nations of cities of refuge, to which those who had committed murder might flee; and while within the cities' walls they were for the time being free from the hands of the avenger. A myth of the Klickitats and Wishams indicates that there was a similar idea or custom among the Indians. Between the fishery above The Dalles and the Klickitat valley near the trails used by the Indians from time immemorial, there are five stones three or four feet high. These, tradition says, were anciently people, and that Coyote transformed them to stones, saying: "You shall stand here forever; and whoever commits a murder or spills human blood may run to you. If he shall jump over your heads and back again five times without touching his moccasin to you, he shall live; but whoever shall strike his feet against your heads shall die."

SPECIAL CARE OF GODS OVER EACH TRIBE

EACH tribe or clan of the Indians regards itself as the favored of heaven. The wonderful doings of the ancient gods, so far as they had any reference to the interests of humanity, had especial reference to "us," "our tribe." For "us" Coyote brought the salmon; for "us" he made the falls and rapids, so that we could fish successfully; for "our people" the berries came. We, our tribe, are the center around which everything else has moved. For other tribes, the gods and powers are either indifferent, or they even conspire against them. Our people were put at the head of creation and have been the special object of supernatural protection ever since. This is the belief of each tribe. The fat, squabby coast Indian believes his people are the beloved of the gods, the good and wise, while the Snakes and Piutes are no good. These on their part are proud of their noble descent, and have a sort of contempt for the "fat, lazy fellows" of the river and coast.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE CHINOOK AND COLD WIND BROTHERS

AMONG all savage tribes, the operations of nature are ascribed directly to beings. The tides, the movements of the sun and moon, the coming of the salmon, the winds,* rain, hail, snow, thunder, earthquakes, etc., are all direct performances of somebody. The Indian seems to have no conception of natural law as we understand it. And yet, in his talks and harangues about Coyote and his doings, he often says Coyote made the law thus and so. It is a part of the Indian's philosophy that phenomena are caused by "somebody" instead of something, or through the operations of fixed laws. If the wind blows, somebody is blowing it; if the earth quakes, somebody is shaking it; if the snow falls and stays on a long time, somebody is doing it. Each and every separate operation of nature is a direct intervention of a somebody. Earth, air, mountain, vale, river and canyon are peopled with spirits and powers.

In the long, long ago, the warm Chinook wind was caused by

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*NOTE—There were many legends prevailing among the Indians regarding the winds. Each of them was the breath of a fabulous being that dwelt in the quarter from whence the wind came.

The Chinook, or warm south wind, was the subject of many legends. It usually brought rain, and among the Makahs of Cape Flattery, its origin was thus given:

Once upon a time the Mouse, the Flounder, the Cuttlefish, the Skate, with several other fishes and some land animals went to visit "Kwartseedie," the South Wind, to see how he lived. After a journey of many days they found him asleep in his house, and thought they would frighten him; so the Cuttlefish got under the bed, the Flounder and the Skate lay flat on the floor, and the other visitors disposed themselves as they thought best. The Mouse then jumped on the bed and bit Kwartseedie's nose, which awakened him suddenly; and as he stepped out of bed he slipped down by treading on the Flounder and the Skate, while the Cuttlefish twined about his legs holding him fast. This so enraged him that he began to blow with such force that the perspiration rolled down from his forehead in drops and formed rain. He finally blew all his tormentors home again, but he has never forgotten the insult, and comes at intervals to annoy his enemies, for the land animals at such times are very uncomfortable and the fish are driven from their feeding grounds on the shoals by the great breakers, which oftentimes throw vast numbers of them on shore to perish.

The legends respecting the other winds are quite similar, and their blowing is a sign of their displeasure.

These Makah Indians are excellent judges of the weather, and can predict a storm or calm with almost the accuracy of a barometer. On a clear night, if the stars twinkle brightly, they expect strong wind, but if there is but a slight scintillation they are certain of a light wind or a calm, and consequently will start at midnight for the fishing grounds, fifteen or twenty miles to sea off Cape Flattery, where they usually remain until the afternoon of the following day. This was more remarkable in the early days when they used only canoes, but now they use gasoline fishing craft like other fishermen.—C. B. B.

five brothers; these lived down the Columbia. The Walla Walla wind, or cold east wind, was caused by five brothers, who lived somewhere east of the mountains. The five Chinook wind brothers and the five Walla Walla wind brothers had grandparents—old people who lived on the Washington side of the Columbia about twenty-five miles below the mouth of the Yakima river. These wind brothers had always been blowing over the country very hard. Sometimes the warm Chinook would come along and dash over the camps, blow down trees, tear up the earth, and fill the air with dust and stones. Then the cold Walla Walla wind would come along and freeze everything solid with its breath; so that, between the blowing of the two sets of brothers, the people were in a sad strait, and led a miserable life. One time the Walla Walla wind brothers sent a challenge to the Chinook wind brothers to come to a wrestling match. Speelyai was there to witness the wrestling, and to be umpire and execute the penalty by cutting off the head of the unsuccessful wrestler.

Speelyai cunningly said to the grandfather and grandmother of the Chinook brothers, "If you see your sons are about to get thrown, you must pour oil on the ground where they are wrestling; and your son will not fall." He then slyly said to the cold wind brothers' grandparents, "You must, if you see your sons about to get thrown, throw ice on the ground." So they cleared off the ground smoothly and made everything ready; and the eldest of the five brothers on each side took hold to wrestle. When the Chinook wind brother was about to go down, Speelyai would say to the old grandfather, "Throw on your oil!" And he did so; and then the other old grandfather threw on ice; and so between the oil and the ice the ground was so slippery that even a god could not keep his feet. The Chinook wind brother went sprawling down; and, while he was down, Speelyai cut his head off with a huge stone knife. The second Chinook wind brother then took hold. He shared the fate of his elder brother, fell and was beheaded. During the wrestling, the old grandparents always threw on oil and ice; but the cold wind grandfather always got his ice on last, and so the Chinook brothers were all killed.

It happened, however, that the eldest brother, who was killed first, had a wife down at home who was about to become a mother.

She shortly after gave birth to a boy. In process of time he became a fine strong lad; and his mother said: "Your father was killed by the cold wind brothers; and you must exercise yourself to make you strong, and practice wrestling so that you can avenge the blood of your father." So he grew up, gaining in stature and increasing in strength by practicing at pulling up trees. He became so strong that he could snatch up a large pine or fir with one hand and toss it away like a weed. He finally concluded that he was strong enough to undertake the avenging of his father's death, and besought his mother's consent that he might do so. Gaining her permission, he started in the night and went up the Columbia, tearing up trees, twisting them off, and piling them in every shape. He went on and turned up the Yakima, reaching the mouth of the Satas about daylight, and laid down on his back against the south hillside. The Indians yet point out the prints of where he lay. He stayed there and slept all day, and then in the evening started on again towards the home of his grandparents. Ever since the first Chinook brothers had been killed, these old people had suffered great indignities at the hands of the cold wind brothers. The young giant Chinook wind determined to relieve the old grandparents the first thing, and so went tearing on towards their old home. Along in the night the old folks heard the frame of their hut squeak and strain; and the old man, recognizing the cause, exclaimed, "O my grandson! you have come at last." Then the old shanty squeaked again at the force of the wind. Another roar of the wind and in burst the young giant.

The old folks were wonderfully rejoiced to see their grandson come to their relief. He said to them, "You must put me under your pillows, and keep me out of sight until night comes again." The cold wind brothers always traveled by day to torment the old people. The grandson said, "Grandfather, you take your canoe and go and fish for sturgeon." The old man got into his canoe and started as directed. The cold wind brothers were on the other side of the river, watching; and, when the old man would get a load of fish and would start, they would get into boats and go after him, robbing him of his sturgeon. This was repeated five times, when the grandson accompanied the old man, lying down flat in the canoe out of sight. When the boat was again full of fish, the marauders came after him as before.

The old man pulled for life to get to shore. The race was hard. The old fellow got down to his oars, and put forth his utmost exertions. Just behind him, and coming in hot haste and gaining, were the five cold wind brothers. Just as they were within reach of the old fisherman, and were about to take hold of his craft, the grandson lying in the stern of the boat would make a slight move; and the boat would shoot off and leave the pursuers far behind. They then gained on him again, and his boat again shot forward and left them. This was done five times; and the old man landed safely. The strange action of the old fellow's boat very much surprised the five brothers; and they were suspicious of something wrong. When they landed, the young grandson picked up the sturgeons, carrying them all easily on his little finger. The old people, having been so badly treated, were very filthy, so the young grandson took them to a spring near by and washed them. The filth turned to trout; and the spring has been full of fish ever since. Despite their filthy origin, the fish are as fine as any in the world, so they say.

The news of the young man's arrival was soon spread around; and Speelyai announced that there would be another wrestling match. That things might not turn out so badly, Speelyai said to the Chinook wind grandfather: "You must not throw on your oil first. Even if you see your grandson is almost down, you wait until the other old man throws on his ice; then throw on your oil, and your great-grandson will down the whole lot." So the young man took hold with the oldest Walla Walla wind brother first. Speelyai said to the young man's grandfather, "Now, on with your oil!" But the old man sat still and looked on; and the cold wind brother went almost down. His old, white-bearded grandfather then threw on some ice, and the other old man splashed on oil, when down came the cold wind brother; and Speelyai, with a tremendous yell, whacked off his head. The wrestling match was resumed, and with the same results until the cold wind brothers were all beheaded save one. The younger, seeing the fate of his brothers, said he would not wrestle. He did not approve of the idea of all the cold wind brothers being killed, and the Chinook allowed to live. Speelyai then said: "You may live, but you shall not

go about freezing people to death every time you breathe on them. You may breathe lightly, but not blow so very cold as heretofore." It was thus decreed that the Chinook should blow at night time the hardest. It might then go roaring along the mountain ridges and take off the snow there first, but must not blow so hard on people as to kill them.

SPEELYAI'S ASCENT TO HEAVEN

THE Indian god Speelyai had five daughters (some say sisters), who all died before he left the world. Because of their death, his grief was inconsolable. He wandered about mourning and crying for them for a great length of time. While thus engaged, he was one day met by a woman, who said to him: "If you will go far away towards the rising sun, you will find a rope or cord reaching down from heaven. Go to that rope and take hold of it, and you will be told what to do." Obeying these directions, he started out towards the east, journeying onward for a great while. He at last found the rope hanging down, as had been told him. Looking all about, he could see no one nor hear any sound. Casting his eyes upward, he saw the rope going on and up until it was lost out of sight, so that it seemed to be suspended from the sky. Growing bolder, he went up, and with his paws grasped the suspended cord, and began to pull and jerk at it. Immediately his paws were involuntarily clutched to the rope, so that, although he tried hard to let go, he could not. He then heard a voice far above, saying to him, "Climb up." He then began climbing, pulling himself up by his paws and feet. In this way he kept going up, up, higher and higher, for one whole summer and winter, when he all of a sudden heard music. He pricked up his ears to listen. The sounds came from a great way above him still. He looked, and beheld a very beautiful country there—green grass, trees and beautiful streams. The people were all very happy; but all was far, far above his reach. He now discovered that, while he had been looking and listening, he had become fixed and attached to the rope; so that he could neither go up to the beautiful country above nor recede to the earth below—a sad plight, indeed, for a god. While thus suspended between earth and heaven, he heard a voice saying to him: "You cannot come up; your heart has been very bad; you have been fork-tongued and deceitful, and have practiced evil. You are unfit for the heavenly country. You never can come up until you have first confessed your wrongs and put away your evil spirit."

Now Speelyai had been a very great god, and had done many

wonderful things; and it was very humiliating to him to have to make confession. He therefore hung up there for a long time before he would do so. Finding that there was no other help for him, he made a clean breast of it and confessed his iniquities, and was then drawn up to the sky and went in through the trap door. He almost immediately met four of his daughters, who embraced him with tears of joy and rejoicing. A little while afterwards the younger daughter came along, but expressed no pleasure at meeting him. On the contrary, she wanted to know what he was doing there, and told him he had been sinful and full of deceit, and was not fit for the heavenly country. As they were standing near the trap door in the sky, she gave the discomfited god a shove, and he tumbled down through the opening and fell like Lucifer. The rope by which he had ascended had been drawn up, so that there was nothing to catch hold of, and there was nothing left for him but to fall, and fall he did, sweeping down through upper spaces for a whole year.

When he struck the ground, he was mashed out flat as a tule mat. A voice then said to him, "You shall be a vagabond and wanderer, and shall be a common, contemptible coyote, and shall forever cry and howl for your sins." So from that day to this the coyote has whined and cried of night, and wandered about hungry and friendless over the world.

COYOTE'S RIDE ON THE STAR

(Another Version of Coyote's Fall)

AMONG the tribes farther south—the Klamaths and Warm Spring Indians—they have a legend or myth about Coyote's ride on a star. Coyote had been doing very many wonderful things; for had he not killed the thunder god, and put down the various monsters that had been plaguing and destroying the people? He had made the people a sun and moon for light, built rapids in their river, and brought them fish. He was priding himself upon his wonderful achievements. It was hardly fit that a being so wonderful should be limited to walking or running about on the earth. He wanted to dance with the stars. The evening star shone brightly upon the world, and, as it rose above the hill, Coyote went out and barked and howled at it, begging to be permitted to get on and ride and dance around the world. The star told him it was not a good place for him; that he had better stay where he was. He was not to be satisfied; but came out and howled and whined and entreated the star night after night, until the sky god was weary of Coyote's continued noise and importunity; and at last it came up close to the hill. Coyote gave a leap to get on, but only succeeded in getting hold with his paws. Thus hanging, the star took him dancing through space. It may have been very fine at first; but the muscles of even a god grow weary and cold. The air so high was very frosty. Coyote's paws were getting very numb; and at last he lost his grip and came plunging down from the upper ether. They say he fell for ten snows, and struck the earth so violently that he was mashed out as thin as pasteboard and was doomed ever afterwards to be a common coyote.

COYOTE AND EAGLE ATTEMPT TO BRING THE DEAD BACK FROM SPIRIT LAND

THE Indian did not fail to notice the phenomena of nature. He saw the leaves, brown and dead, come rattling down in autumn, and the trees stripped of verdure stand bleak, desolate and dead. He beheld the earth wrapped in slumber in winter, covered with a mantle of snow; and then in the springtime he saw the growing grass, the opening buds and expanding flowers. There was a renewal of life, a return of warmth and gladness. Early he beheld in the annual reclothing of the earth in verdure and the springing forth of life in the vegetable world a sort of prophecy or promise of a resurrection and renewed life to mortal man. The observance of these phenomena, together with that longing for immortality somewhere, somehow, common to humanity, naturally gave rise to myths recounting the attempts of the gods to bring the dead to life again. In the dim distant past, when the wonderful ancients lived, Coyote saw that the people were dying and going away to the spirit country. The land was filled with mourning for departed friends. The people's sorrows filled him with grief, and he meditated long how he could bring the dead back to the land of the living. He had seen some of his own friends die, among them a sister. The eagle had also lost his wife, and was mourning on account of his loss. Eagle was a god of great power, second only to Coyote. Speelyai said to him, to comfort him: "The dead shall not forever remain in the land of the dead. They are like the leaves that fall brown and dead in the autumn. They shall come back again. When the buds open and flowers bloom, when the grass grows, the dead shall come back again." Eagle was impatient and unwilling to await the return of spring, and insisted that the dead should be brought back at once without delay.

Coyote consented to this arrangement; and the two, Eagle and Coyote, set out together towards the land of the dead, Eagle flying along over Coyote's head as they traveled. After they had been journeying a long time, they came to a lake or ocean; and, looking across, they could see a great many houses on the other side. Coyote called

long and loud for someone to bring a boat and take them across. All was still as death, there being no sound nor sight indicating life. Eagle said to Coyote: "We have come all the way for nothing; there is no one there." "No," said Coyote, "they are asleep. The dead sleep in the daytime, and at night they come out. Let us wait here until dark." In the evening, when the sun went down and it began to grow dark, Coyote began to sing. He had sung but a short time when four spirit men came out of the houses, got into a canoe and started towards the shore. Coyote kept singing, and the spirits began to sing, keeping time with their oars. They did not row the boat, however, for it skimmed over the water of its own accord. Having landed, they took the weary travelers, Eagle and Coyote, aboard, and began their return to the island of the dead. When they drew near they heard the sound of music, drumming and dancing. After landing they were cautioned by the spirits not to go into the houses, nor to look at the things about them. It was a sacred place; they must keep their eyes shut. The newly arrived visitors begged permission to go in, for, said they, "We are both hungry and cold." Finally they were permitted to go into a large mat-house near by, where there was dancing and music going on. When inside they found everything very grand and beautiful; and all were very happy. To satisfy the hunger of the visitors, an old woman brought some seal oil in an Indian basket bottle, and dipping a feather into it gave each of them what the feather brought up one time. This completely satisfied their hunger; and they now busied themselves looking around.

They found a great many spirit people there; and all were dressed with the most beautiful Indian costumes, with red paint, feathers, shells, beads, fringed buckskins and every kind of Indian ornaments. The great lodge was lighted up with the moon, which was suspended inside; and the frog was there to watch and attend it; for the frog jumped into the moon a long time before and had ruled over it ever since. The moon shone brilliantly on the dazzling scene of joy and beauty. Coyote and Eagle saw many of their former friends in the throng; but these friends did not seem to notice nor recognize them. The Eagle had brought along a receptacle something like a white man's box, in which to carry the spirits back to the land of the living. The dead people were very happy, much more than the

living, and kept up their dancing all night long; but early in the morning their songs began to grow fainter, and the singers to depart to sleep. During the day, while the spirit people were sleeping, Coyote killed the frog, and took his clothing and put them on himself. With the gathering of the evening shadows, the spirits resumed their pleasures. Coyote, rigged out in the frog's clothing, took the place it had previously occupied by the moon. While the festivities and pleasures were going on in the happiest manner imaginable, Coyote all of a sudden swallowed the moon, leaving the spirit people in the dark. They were soon all in commotion, flying about in the darkness against the walls and each other. Eagle then proceeded to catch them all, and put them into his box and closed it up tightly. He and Coyote then started on their return to the land of the living, Coyote bearing the box with its contents. After traveling a great distance, he heard a noise in the box and stopped, pricking up his ears to listen again. Again he heard a noise inside, and said to Eagle, "The people are beginning to come to life!"

Soon they heard the sound of voices talking. The people were complaining of being bumped and banged about. One said he was cramped, and another that his leg was being hurt; and all were clamoring to be let out. The box was growing heavy, as the contents were changing from imponderable spirit to substantial flesh and blood. Coyote began to grow weary of his burden, and proposed to let the people out. Eagle objected, saying "No" to all of Coyote's importunities. Poor Coyote was growing weary, god that he was, and set down his basket of precious freight, determined to lighten his burden. Said he: "We may as well let them out; they will not return to the spirit land now, they are too far away." Whereupon he opened the box or basket, and the people resumed their spirit forms and vanished like the wind, going to the land of the dead. Eagle chided him for his folly, but comforted himself by saying: "It is autumn. The leaves now falling, like the people, die. Let us wait until the buds expand and the flowers open, when the leaves begin to come; then we shall succeed." "No," said Coyote, "I am tired. Let the dead stay in the land of the dead and never return." Thus Coyote made the law that man once dead should never come to life again. Had it not been for the folly of Coyote in opening the box and letting

out the spirits, the dead would have come to life every spring when the buds opened and the leaves came. This legend, though rude and unpolished, contains in it a beautiful sentiment, and gives expression to that instinctive longing of the human soul in all lands and every age to penetrate the mysteries of the future state.

ISLE OF THE DEAD

(Wisham Indian Legend)

THE Columbia river Indians near the fishery at The Dalles used to relate a legend as follows: A great while ago there was a young chief that was enamored of a beautiful young Indian girl. They loved each other very sincerely and truly, and were very happy, wandering about fishing, boat-riding and traveling over the green, grassy hills and broad plains. In the midst of their felicity the young chief, who was noble and rich, sickened and died, and went to the land of the spirits. The Indian girl mourned for him on earth; and he mourned for her in the spirit land. Though surrounded by everything that the spirits could offer, he still was not happy. He mourned the absence of his betrothed. A few nights after his death, a spirit from the land of dead came to her in the night in a dream or vision, telling her that her lover was in heaven, where there was everything his heart could wish, but that his grief and longing for her were inconsolable, and that he could not be happy unless she came to him. This apparition or vision weighed upon her mind; and she told it to her parents. They were puzzled and in doubt as to what to do. The next night the spirit spoke to her again. The vision was repeated three times, so the parents thought they ought to send the young girl to her lover, fearing some dreadful visitation from the death land if they failed to comply.

Accordingly they prepared a canoe and put the girl into it and started with her across the water to the island where all the Indian dead are gathered in the happy spirit land. On and over the waters they glided; and as the curtain of night began to fall, and everything had a shadowy, misty appearance, while their weary oars plied the deep, silent waters, a light came gleaming over from the island. Then they heard the sound of music of the Indian drum, with singing and dancing. They pulled on up to the shore and landed, where they were met by four spirit people, who took the Indian girl and bade her friends return to the living and not gratify their curiosity by prying into the scenes around them. The earth people returned, and

the bride was conducted to a great "dance house," a large lodge built of mats made of tules. When inside this great place she met the young man. If he was noble and beautiful among the living, how much more beautiful was he here—young, fair, grand and immortal, and bedecked with all the splendor that heaven could bestow. Their bliss was complete. All night they spent in mazy, delirious bliss, and, when it began to grow light and the birds of heaven began to sing, the spirit folk began to diminish their festivities, their song began to die away, and the singers and dancers began to retire to sleep. The young couple like the others repaired to their bed and fell asleep. As the peaceful, dreamless sleep of the spirit world came upon her she closed her eyes upon a scene of joy and heavenly splendor.

She being of the living did not sleep soundly like the spirits. When the sun was far up in the heavens, she awoke and looked about her. When she fell asleep she was in the midst of indescribable bliss, locked in the arms of one clad in immortal beauty. She now saw her lover a hideous skeleton. His skull, with its hollow, sunken eyes and horrid, grinning teeth, was turned towards her. Around her waist were the bony arms and long, skeleton fingers. Looking about she saw withering, mouldering corpses, and the air was filled with stench. With a wild scream of terror, she sprang from her couch, which she saw was in the burial place of the dead. She ran, filled with the most horrid feelings, outside and began to look about for means to convey her back to the land of the living. After some search she found an old woman with a canoe. Procuring this boat she found her way back to her home and friends among the living. She related her wonderful experience to them, and they were much surprised and fearful that the spirits would be offended, and that some great calamity would befall them on account of the girl's return. The spirit lover had paid for her according to Indian custom, and had a legal claim upon her. The friends reproved the girl, telling her that she had treated the spirit people wrongfully, and explained that she should have slept all day until evening and she would not have found herself among mouldering corpses when she awoke, but would have been happy. Fearing to keep the girl from her lover, they sent her back in a boat. When she landed on the happy isle, she was escorted to the great house of festivities and found her lover there, bright,

beautiful and happy as ever. She enjoyed with him the pleasures of the night; and they retired to slumber for the day. This time and always afterward she slept through all the day, and when darkness came on she came forth with all the other spirits to be happy during the night.

In the process of time a wonderful child was born in spirit land, half spirit and half of the earthly or living. It was of remarkable beauty. The young man was anxious that his mother on earth should see the little stranger, and told his spouse they would send for baby's grandmother to come, and that the baby and its mother should then return to the land of the living, and that the father would afterwards follow and bring with him all the dead people to live on earth again. A spirit messenger was sent, who told the grandparents how the young people were happy in the spirit land, and that they had a wonderful baby, and desired the grandmother to come to the happy isle and accompany the mother and child back to the land of the living again, and that the father was going to bring back all the dead people to live among them again. This was good news to the old people, who had heard nothing from their daughter for a long time. Agreeable to this arrangement, the grandmother went to the land of the dead, and was received by her children. She was cautioned, however, that she must not look upon the baby yet. There was to be a penance of ten days. The old grandmother was very anxious to see the baby; and the longer she waited the greater grew her anxiety. She finally concluded she could lift up the cloth that covered the baby board, and just peep in once. One little look could do no harm and no one would be the worse for it. Her curiosity and anxiety thus overcame her prudence, and she peeped in and saw the sleeping beauty. In consequence of this stolen look, the baby sickened and died. This very much displeased the spirit people; and they decreed that, because of this sin, the dead should never return to the living again. The grandmother was sent back, and they never heard of the young couple any more.

We find in this legend, and in the one where Coyote and Eagle try to bring back the dead, that the project was spoiled through curiosity or over-anxiety. We are thus reminded of the old charge of curiosity brought against Eve in eating the forbidden fruit. A legend

or myth often told among some of the tribes represents Coyote as going after the dead people, and having them in a basket on his back. He was cautioned to not look back on any account whatever, no matter what noises he heard or what happened. He heard the spirits talking and rustling about, and was very curious to see what they were doing. His curiosity became so great that he could stand it no longer; and he looked back over his shoulder into the basket, whereupon the spirit people flew off in every direction and vanished, leaving Coyote foolishly standing with an empty basket.

The Wisham legend about the isle of the dead is a fine illustration of the fact that though the people of all nations have believed there was a place where the dead were far happier and better than the living yet they had no desire to go there. Though the young warrior was happy and dwelling in splendor greater than he could expect among the living, yet he would have the dead all return to the living. There is a certain mistiness, unsubstantiality and uncertainty about the future spirit land; so that an Indian of ordinary flesh and blood would prefer to take his chances among the material, sensual people of this world. Though the Indian heaven is a very grand place, according to his view, he is not in any special hurry to shuffle off this mortal coil and claim his possessions in the shadowy world.

Among the river Indians about the Cascades, The Dalles, Celilo and other points there is a belief that during the daytime the spirits of the dead remain in the "dead-houses" or graves among the bones and corpses; that during the hours of sunlight they are in a state of entire unconsciousness—a dreamless, dead sleep, as if for the time being they are annihilated; but that, when it grows dusk, and darkness creeps on, the spirits arouse and come forth and go abroad over the world. They hold spirit dances at the cemeteries; and the Indians claim to have seen strange lights at the burial places at night, and to have heard the sound of the Indian drum and weird singing. Nearer the coast, where they in years gone by sometimes placed the dead in shallow water where there were decaying leaves and vegetation it is quite probable that they may have seen the phosphorescent ignis-fatuus, the Jack-o'-Lantern of the whites; and their heated and excited imagination could easily create almost any sound or sight to complete the apparition.

THE following are from a book entitled "The Siwash," published in Seattle in the year 1895, and long out of print. Its author was J. A. Costello, a printer by trade and a newspaper man by profession, of long experience, who brought to the work a trained mind and rare capacity for the task he undertook. He devoted several months to the preparation of the book, two months of which was spent in traveling about the Sound country visiting the Indian villages and reservations. Indian Agents Eells of the Skokomish, and Buchanan of the Tulalip Reservations, and Doctor Henry A. Smith of Seattle, gave him much aid and information; also, many Indians, male and female, repeated to him the myths and legends which he later used. Mr. Costello is at present an employee in the treasurer's office in the City of Seattle.

LEGEND OF THE STICK-PAN

ONE of the most common legends among the Indians around Puget Sound is the story of the stick-pan or the magic pan. "Stick-pan" is the Chinook name of a hollow wooden tray upon which the Puget Sound Indians served their food in their days of savagery. The story of the magic stick-pan was current among all the tribes of the region, each of them representing the scene of action to be along the river or stream most frequented by them.

According to their idea, S'Beow, although possessed of many supernatural powers, was thoroughly human. He could be led astray, overcome by superior force, killed or otherwise disposed of as easy as any other Siwash so far as his carnal self was concerned; but his spirit was unconquerable. The spirit was immortal and S'Beow was never so dangerous as just after he had been killed.

In defending the blind woman, Skotah, S'Beow was overcome by superior force, killed and thrown into the river. All night his dead body drifted down the river. On the following day as he was rounding a bend in the stream he came in sight of some thin, pale blue smoke curling heavenward from a smouldering vine maple fire and on the bank of the river in front of it he beheld two squaws who were preparing a couple of silver salmon for their dinner.

By this time S'Beow's dead body had grown very hungry, even more hungry than he had ever been when alive, and he was at a loss

to know how he could get something to eat. After a moment's reflection, however, a plan suggested itself; S'Beow transformed himself into a very elegant, richly painted stick-pan. Immediately upon catching sight of it the squaws put out in the middle of the river in their canims (canoes) to catch it as it passed by.

"What a fine stick-pan," exclaimed one of the klootchmen.

"Just what we need," replied the other, or as the old Indians express it: "Ya-ka de-late klosh stick-pan," while the other replied: "Mi si-ka hi-as tick-kee o-coke."

They picked it up, put it in their canoe and paddled ashore. Upon reaching the spit they proceeded with the preparation of their dinner, resting their fish before the fire on crossed sticks and roasting it in Indian style.

They ate from their newly found stick-pan. While they were consuming the upper half of the first salmon the lower half disappeared, they knew not where. S'Beow had eaten it.

With a second salmon they met with a like experience for S'Beow was very hungry. At supper their previous experience was repeated, so thinking the stick-pan was possessed of demons and being very angry at it for consuming so much of their food, they smashed it to pieces.

At this stage old S'Beow cried with the voice of an infant: "I'll be your baby, I'll be your baby, if you don't hurt me."

S'Beow became their baby, was taken to their rancheree and placed on a board, a weight placed on his head and suspended from posts by two strings so that he might swing as in a hammock instead of being rocked in a cradle.

S'Beow was a "de-late klosh ten-as" (a very good baby). When the women were at home he would do much loving and cooing, but would rarely or never cry, but when they went out fishing or gathering salmon berries he would transform himself into old S'Beow, get up and eat of their stores of dried salmon until his enormous appetite was satisfied and would then change himself back into a baby again before the women returned.

Badly as these childless, lonely women wanted a baby, they could not help thinking that the baby was possessed of evil spirits

and that he ate the dried fish either when they were absent from the house or when they were asleep.

At length they reached the conclusion that the baby was old S'Beow, and one night while the fire was yet burning they talked the matter over and resolved to kill him.

S'Beow, hearing this, again took upon himself the real character of S'Beow and departed. At dawn he reached the fish-trap where the women had caught their salmon and trout. He found it full of fish. His heart was aching for revenge so he destroyed the dam and allowed the fish to escape.

The fish were all very grateful to him for his kindness and they remembered him for it, so as he proceeded down the river the salmon and trout came and poked their heads out of the water at every meal so that S'Beow could choose from among them the fish that he wanted to eat.

There seems to be neither moral nor location to this fragment of legend, but it illustrates clearly some features of old S'Beow's character as the average Puget Sound Indian used to understand him.

THE MAGIC BLANKET

ONE of the best stories known to the Indians around Puget Sound is the legend of the Ta-mahn-a-wis, or magic blanket.

Once upon a time there lived a boy with his parents upon the shores of Puget Sound, who was just budding into young manhood. He had reached that point in life where boys prepare to fight life's battles for themselves, and where the Indians in former times sought to discover their totem, or guardian spirit. This boy went alone with his bow and arrow into the woods to hunt the little birds and little squirrels, and had good success in killing the little birds and little squirrels. He took the skins of the little squirrels and the feathers of the little birds and wove them into a blanket. Many days this little boy hunted in the woods for bird feathers and squirrel skins with which to make his blanket, until his parents, friends and all the rest of the people became suspicious of him and began to think that he was possessed of evil spirits.

Still the boy continued to work on his blanket day after day, from early dawn until nightfall, and all the while his friends knew not what he was doing. At length they became so much alarmed at the evil spirits of this young man that they picked up all their effects, and got in their canoes and sailed a long way across the waters, and left the boy alone in the woods without fire, food or shelter.

The boy went home at night after having completed his blanket, upon which he had been at work so long. When he found the home deserted he exclaimed, according to the rendering in classic Chinook:

"Halo piah, pe halo muck-a-muck, pe halo stick, pe halo ictas, pe halo tillicums. Nika de-late sick-tum-tum."

If he had spoken in English he would have said:

"There is no fire, and no food, and no house, and no pots, pans, kettles, no friends; in short, nothing. It makes me sick at heart." He looked all around for his people, but could find no trace of them. They had taken all of the canoes with them so that he could not follow them. He then thought of his blanket. He went and got it

and walked down to the edge of the salt water. He dipped one corner of the blanket in the salt "chuck" and shook it, and out fell wood, and he shook it again and there was fire. Again he dipped the blanket in the water, and when he shook it out there were many little Siwashes to keep him company, and shaking it again they became big Siwashes. Again he dipped his blanket in the water and shook it, and there were thousands of beautiful smelt. Just then a big bird came along and gobbled up all the fish that it could carry and flew a long way over the waters with them to where the boy's people had gone.

The boy's old mother was on the beach looking across the waters and bewailing his sad fate, and thinking how she loved him and how sorry she was that she had left him, and how she wished she had not left him to perish there alone. She thought she would see the rest of the people and see if she could not prevail on them to go back to her son, for she could not believe that he was possessed of demons. The woman looked up and saw a great bird flying from the direction where her boy was living. The bird flew directly into her canoe and began to spew up smelt. Between the pumping Kuhl-kulli, for that was the bird's name, would exclaim: "I-bro-ught-these-from-your-boy! I-bro-ught-these-from-your-boy!" The great bird continued to spew up fish until the canoe was half filled with smelt, all the while saying: "I brought these from your boy!" As the mother looked across the water in the direction in which the bird came her heart leaped high with joy, for in the dim distance she beheld a smoke rising heavenward, which informed her that her boy was all right, for she knew that her boy could not starve with so many fish and a fire to cook them. She was sure that he was possessed of a good, and not an evil, spirit.

The mother told her friends all about what had happened, and persuaded them to go with her back to where her son was living, and the boy and his parents, his old friends and his new friends all lived happily together for many years afterwards.

LEGEND OF FLATHEAD ORIGIN

JAMES HENRY, a well known Indian of Port Gamble, who follows the sealing business, is responsible for the story of the sky falling down.

A long time ago all the Indians with flattened heads lived away up north in the region of perpetual ice and snow. The parents of the race were ten brothers and all of them were very big men. They lived on deer and bear meat and the flesh of ptarmigan or white grouse. They were all excellent archers and they killed so many white grouse with their bows and arrows that the Sagh-a-lie Tyee began to think that they would exterminate the species and he told them to kill no more white grouse for one "snow," or winter season. They heeded him not, for they kept on slaughtering the grouse and eating them. In those days the sun passed over the earth from east to west and retraced its steps while they slept, and the sky was above the sun. One day the Sagh-a-lie Tyee became much angered at them for killing so many grouse, so he let the sky fall on them.

Then there followed a long hard winter and many people perished of hunger and cold for they had not killed bear and deer and prepared for the winter and it was so dark and there was so much ice and snow that they could not see to hunt and fish. These ten brothers awaited the return of day for a long time and at last the youngest of them in utter despair set about it and tried to lift up the sky with poles, and all his brothers helped him. They worked in this way for many months. They would raise one corner of the sky up so that they could just see the daylight and it would fall back on them, and again all would be total darkness, and all the land would be covered with ice and snow. At length, however, they got one big tall pole and all the Indians went to work with it and tried to prop the sky up, but for a long time they met with failure. At last, however, they succeeded in getting the sky to stay up long enough so that the sun could get under the great hollow hemisphere which they believe the sky to be, then the sun followed around the longest way in the daytime of summer, going back on the upper, or outside of the

sky in the shortest route by night. In the winter months it passes across the under side of the sky by the shortest route, and back on the outside by the longest route, so that ever since that time the Indians have had the longest days and shortest nights in the dry months of summer when they wanted to fish and hunt. It has always been light in the daytime so that people could see to work, and dark at night so that they could sleep better, and the Indians have had the longest nights and shortest days in the wet months of winter when they could do but little and wanted to sleep most of the time.

A LEGEND OF THE FIRST FLOOD

THE story of the big flood is common to all the tribes around Puget Sound. The mountain referred to is usually the loftiest mountain nearest them. The Lummi Indians refer to Mt. Baker, the upper Stillaguamish to Mt. Pilchuck and the Nisquallies to Mt. Rainier, and each of them call their mountain Ta-ho-ma, from which is derived the name Tacoma. Ta-ho-ma means a lofty mountain, but does not refer to any peak in particular.

It was a long time ago, just after the breaking up of the great winter, that the sky opened and a terrible rain and snow deluged the world and the water kept on rising higher and higher until the great mountains were covered beneath it and ice and snow, and the bones of bear and deer and clam shells and fishbacks and logs floated on top of the water and settled on the mountain tops as the flood subsided. That is why the mountains are always covered with ice and snow. This also accounts for the presence of logs upon the tops of the mountains where trees have not grown and fish bones and clam shells and the like may be seen where they could not now exist.

Another legend of similar nature but more appropriately giving the Indian tradition of the first man and woman is told by one writer as follows:

There once fell upon the earth a long terrible rain; the Whulge* arose; it filled the mountain walls, and all the tribes perished except one man. He fled before the rising waters up the sides of Mt. Rainier. The waters rose and covered the mountain. They swept over his feet; they came to his kneees, to his waist. He seemed about to be swept away, when his feet turned to stone.

Then the rain ceased. The clouds broke and the blue sky came again, and the waters began to sink.

The one man stood there on top of Rainier. He could not lift his feet; they were rocks. Birds flew again, flowers bloomed again, but he could not go.

The Spirit of All Things came to him. "Sleep," said he. And the one man with stone feet slept.

*Whulge means Puget Sound.

As he slept the Spirit of All Things took from him a rib and made of it a woman. When he awoke there stood his wife ready-made on the top of Mt. Rainier. His stone shoes dropped off and the happy pair came down the mountain to the wooded paradises of the Whulge on the sunset sea. Here sprung the human race at the foot of Rainier.

ORIGIN OF SUN AND MOON

JOE ANDERSON, a Port Madison Indian, tells the story of the origin of the sun and moon, a story which many of the Indians still continue to believe, notwithstanding their present Christian education.

Long, long ago an Indian woman went to a creek to wash some clothes and left her little babe at home alone. When she returned she found that the child had been stolen and she wept bitterly. When she again went to the creek to wash she took the baby's clothes with her. While washing, some the baby's dresses sunk to the bottom of the creek and some mud got inside of them. When she lifted them out of the water the mud was transformed into another baby. However, it was not a bright clean baby like the other, but a very black and dirty one. The new baby thrived and grew very rapidly and the mother loved it dearly, although she longed for her kidnapped child to return.

When the new baby got big enough he was always out at play in the mud puddles, seldom returning until late at night.

After a while the prodigal boy returned and played with the other boy, who still continued to wear a dirty face.

The parents loved the clean boy best and the dirty boy became very jealous. So one day the dirty boy thought he would go home as clean as the other boy and spent the whole day in washing himself. At night when he returned he was as clean and bright as the sun, and his brother who had hitherto been so clean shone only like the moon in comparison. Then the clean boy said: "You be the sun and I'll be the moon," and together they flew away and the once dirty boy became the spirit of the sun which throws bright light on the earth by day, and the once lost boy became the moon which reflects dim light on the earth by night.

ANOTHER MAN IN THE MOON

THE man in the moon, among some of the tribes, has a very pretty story reserved for him, which like the young brave who was turned into a croaking frog, was placed in the moon for his too ardent love for a dusky maiden. The legend more properly belongs to the Vancouver island tribes. The following version was told by an Indian who is thought to be over 100 years old and it is faithfully believed in by himself and his tribe:

" 'Many, many snows ago, long before a white man came to this country, there lived in a village on Quatsino sound the Great Tyee of all. He was not only tyee over men, but also over the animals, birds and fishes. His smile was like the sun coming from behind the cloud, his frown like the lightning, quick and awful, no man could stand before it and live.

" 'Wah-nah-ho, the Great Tyee's son, was just the opposite from his father, sunny tempered, and loved by every one. The animals and birds in the forest, the fishes in the sea, all loved and did his bidding. Now, Wah-nah-ho was unhappy. He loved Tum-Tum, the fairest maiden in all the land, and the Great Tyee had commanded him to marry Shingoopoot's daughter, who was ugly, ill-tempered, and who had already had one husband. Now, Wah-nah-ho, who in all things else had been a most obedient son, rebelled against his father, and with Tum-Tum at night when all the village was asleep, stole away, and running swiftly, hid themselves in the forest.

" 'The Great Tyee, when he discovered the flight of the lovers, was very wroth, and swore that he would not show himself to his people until the couple were found and brought before him. All the young men of the tribe immediately plunged into the forest and hurried away to look for the lovers. They searched long and at a great distance, but unsuccessfully, and one by one returned to the village. Then the Great Tyee ordered all the animals and birds out of the forest, and all the fishes out of the rivers, determined that hunger should compel his disobedient son to return.

" 'Finally, as day after day he set his unsuccessful snares in the

woods and searched the streams for food, Wah-nah-ho was at last driven to return to the village. He sought his father with his sweetheart, and on his knees told him of his love for Tum-Tum, and begged for forgiveness. The Great Tyee's wrath broke forth at the sight of his son, and he placed him in the sky with his sweetheart, where they now dwell, telling the sons and daughters of man to be obedient.' "

LEGEND OF THE FIRST FROG

IT MAY be interesting to give one of the characteristic legends which were current among the Indians when the first whites came among them. This may properly be termed the Siwash legend of the first frog, and gives the sad fate that befell a too ardent Indian lover.

"Many, many snows ago the Great Tyee of all lived upon the earth; the snows that have come and gone since then cannot well be counted by men. The Great Tyee was not only chief over man, but also over the birds, the fish and all the animals in the woods. All feared him and did his bidding.

"The Great Tyee had been very successful in his wars, and had subjugated all the chiefs but Clack-a-mas, a warrior who had long and well fought against the Great Tyee. At last both, growing tired of war, resolved to smoke the great peace pipe and bury the hatchet, and to more firmly cement their growing friendship the Great Tyee asked for and obtained the consent of Clack-a-mas to the marriage of his daughter Kla-Kla-Klack-Hah (the woman who talks) to Wah-Wah-Hoo, the Tyee's only son. But the Great Tyee's plans for the marriage of his son were destined to be nipped in the bud. Wah-Wah-Hoo had long and ardently loved a maiden of his own tribe, a daughter of one of the lesser chiefs. Hah-Hah had all those graces which go to make a woman charming, and she was as deeply in love with Wah-Wah-Hoo as he with her.

"It is easier to imagine than to depict the grief of the lovers when they learned the will of the Great Tyee. To Wah-Wah-Hoo it seemed that nothing was left him to do but to prepare for the wedding, which was to take place immediately. It had not as yet occurred to him to disobey the Great Tyee. Such a path was fraught with too much danger to be taken at once, and for the present no ray of hope penetrated through the dark cloud that had settled down and quenched the bright light of his and Hah-Hah's happiness.

"Daily the preparations for the marriage went on, and as the day of its consummation drew nearer Wah-Wah-Hoo became more and more reluctant to carry out the command of the Great Tyee.

On the day before the wedding Hah-Hah, robed in her brightest skins, went to keep the last tryst with her recreant lover. They met in a grassy dell, sprinkled over with brightest wild flowers; but to the infatuated lover Hah-Hah was the loveliest flower of them all. Love stole away his reason, and, forgetful of his duty to the Great Tyee, his father, Wah-Wah-Hoo gathered Hah-Hah up in his arms and hurried away into the forest. They journed many suns into the somber woods and finally built themselves a shelter on the bank of a great river, where, forgetful of the wrath of the Great Tyee, they were happy.

"The wedding day dawned. Kla-Kla-Klack-Hah, robed in her best skins, stood waiting the coming of Wah-Wah-Hoo to claim and carry off his bride. The minutes swiftly multiplied into hours until Clack-a-mas, deeply chagrined at the disdainful treatment of his daughter, sought an explanation of the Great Tyee. A search was immediately instituted for Wah-Wah-Hoo, and then, and not until then, was the flight of the lovers discovered.

"At once the Great Tyee ordered his swiftest runners and his best trailers to follow and to bring back his disobedient son. Swiftly they ran through the woods, searching long and far, but baffled at last, they were compelled to return to the Great Tyee with the story of their failure.

"Then the Great Tyee went out, and, seated upon the river bank, called about him the chiefs of all the animals in the woods and of the fishes in the sea and commanded them as they feared his anger to search for and to find his son. They, dreading his power, immediately set out upon their quest.

"The snake, squirming his way in and out among the berry patches, searched long and arduously for the lovers. The chief of the mosquitos, calling about him his band, who number more than the grains of sand on the sea shore, searched for and found the lovers; but the chief, remembering that when, in an inadvertently and hungry moment he had alighted upon Hah-Hah's cheek she had spared his life, ordered his band to disperse and to say nothing of the lovers. The squirrel, running up and down the trees hoarding his winter stores, kept watch that the lovers did not go by him unseen. The eagle, in ever-increasing circles, soared high above the land and kept a

watchful eye that the lovers did not escape him. The chief of the wolves found them, but, remembering that Wah-Wah-Hoo had saved his life when caught in a trap, he, too, commanded his followers to say nothing of the lovers.

"Soon the chilling blasts of winter went whistling through the woods, and the ice king, seizing the earth in his stifling grasp, wrapped it in a mantle of snow. Hunger—grim, gaunt, unrelenting hunger—entered Wah-Wah-Hoo's wigwam, and stole from him that which he loved best of all, Hah-Hah. Wah-Wah-Hoo, looking for the last time upon his sweetheart, turned away and hurried to the big rock overlooking the swirling water of the river. There, singing his death song, he flung himself into the water. But Wah-Wah-Hoo was destined not to die. The chief of the fishes swallowed him, and, swimming to the spot where the Great Tyee was standing, spewed him forth upon the bank.

"The Great Tyee cursed his son and changed him into a frog, whose dismal croaking is now heard, telling his sad story to the sons of man and warning them to be obedient."

THE DEMON SKANA

THE Makahs of Cape Flattery tell many stories of animals quite allegorical in their nature, which differ in details only from the legends of the other West coast tribes. One of their leading characters is the demon Skana. According to the Indian belief he can change himself into any form. There are many stories told of him. A long time ago the Indians were seal hunting in calm weather on a smooth sea. A killer whale kept close to the canoe, and the Indians amused themselves by throwing stones from their canoe ballast at him. The creature, tiring of this treatment, made for the shore, where it grounded on the beach. The curious Indians were attracted by a smoke which they saw curling up from the beach, and put for shore that they might learn its cause. Upon reaching the shore they were much surprised to find a large canoe, instead of Skana, on the beach, and that a man was on shore cooking some food by an outdoor fire. He asked them why they threw stones at his canoe. "You have broken it," said he; "now go into the woods and get some cedar to mend it with."

After they had complied with his request he said to them: "Turn your backs to the water and cover your heads with your skin blankets, and don't look till I call you." They obeyed, and heard the canoe grate on the beach as it was being hauled into the surf. Then the man exclaimed: "Look now!" They looked and saw the canoe just going over the first breaker, the man sitting in the stern. They looked again and the canoe came up outside of the second breaker a killer, and not a canoe, with the man, or demon, in its belly. According to James G. Swan this allegory is common to all the tribes of the Northwest coast, and even in the interior where the salmon takes the place of the ocra, which never ascends fresh water rivers. To the north the Chilkat and other tribes carve the figure of a salmon, inside of which is the full length figure of a nude Indian.

A casual observer might mistake this for another Jonah story taught the Indians by the missionaries, but it is said to too far antedate their arrival.

James G. Swan tells the story of one legend of the man in the moon, which is common to the West coast Indians, and quite interesting.

The moon discovered a man about to dip his bucket into a brook after some water, so it sent down its arms, or rays, and grabbed the man, who, to save himself, seized hold of a big salal bush, but the moon being more powerful took the man, bucket and bush up to himself, where they have ever since lived, and can be seen every full moon during clear weather. The man is a friend of the wind god, and at the proper signal empties his bucket, causing it to rain on the earth.

THE FALL OF SNOQUALM

SNOQUALM, the moon, then king of the heavens, commanded the spider ty-ee (chief) to make a rope of cedar bark and stretch it from the sky to the earth. Upon seeing this S'Beow's son, Si 'Beow, told Ki-ki, the bluejay, S'Beow's grandmother, to go up along the rope and then told his father to follow her.

The bluejay kept going up and going up and going up and S'Beow following after her, kept climbing up and climbing up and climbing up and the bluejay kept flying up and flying up and flying up a long time until she reached the under side of the sky, and S'Beow kept climbing up and climbing a-lo-ong time until he too got to where the great rope was fastened on the under side of the sky. And the bluejay kept pecking away and she continued picking away and picking away and picking away until she made a hole through into the sky. It was well into the night when Ki-ki finished making her hole through and S'Beow followed after her into the sky. When S'Beow got through the hole he found himself in a lake. He changed himself into a beaver and got caught in a dead-fall beaver trap, which had been set by Snoqualm and when Snoqualm examined his trap in the morning he found a dead beaver with his skull crushed in. The Great Ty-ee took the beaver out of the trap, took the beaver to his home, skinned it, stretched the skin upon a hoop, hung it up to dry and threw the carcass over in the corner of his smoke house. All day long and well into the night S'Beow lay there, a dead beaver's carcass. At last Snoqualm fell into a deep sleep and was heard snoring loudly. Then S'Beow got up, took his skin from the wall, removed it from the hoop and put it on himself and set about to explore the house of the Great Ty-ee. Outside the house he found some great forests of fir and cedar trees, which he pulled out by the roots and by his ta-mahn-a-wis (magic) made them small enough so that he could carry them under his arm.

He then entered the house and found hidden on one shelf the machinery that made the daylight, which he carried under the other arm. He took some fire from under the smoke hole, put some ashes

around it and wrapped it with bark and leaves and carried it in one hand, in the other he carried the sun which he found hidden on the same shelf as the machinery which made the daylight. With all these things he proceeded to the lake out of which he had been trapped on the previous day, transformed himself into a beaver again, dove to the bottom of the lake and found where the spider Ty-ee had made the rope fast. He changed himself back into S'Beow again and descended to earth, where he set out all the great trees around Puget Sound. He gave fire to the people, set the Sun in position and put the machinery that makes daylight to working.

When Snoqualm awoke and saw what had been stolen, he in great rage pursued old S'Beow, going straight away to the place where the rope was made fast and started to descend to earth. The rope gave way with him and Snoqualm and the great rope fell in a heap, making that great mountain near the head waters of the Snoqualmie river, and the outline of the human face which the Indian fancies to this day that he can see in the distance is what is left of old Snoqualm, once the Great King of the Heavens.

SKOBIA, THE SKUNK

QUITE an interesting legend is the one describing how Skobia the Skunk came to be so small as he is:

A long time ago there lived a pole-cat who was the parent of all the race of skunks. He was a great skunk. In size he approached the cinnamon bear; his perfume was strong in proportion, while his tread was correspondingly heavy and loud. Many were the nightly visits of "Skobia," as the skunk is called by the Indian, to their camps and great was the damage to life and comfort caused by him.

The Indians were at a loss to know what to do with Skobia, but at length they thought of old S'Beow and sent for him. Upon his arrival on the scene S'Beow caused them all to get in a large potlatch house, a large building used by the Indians of the Northwest coast on their ceremonial occasions. Then they all set themselves to cutting a big pile of vine maple wood and bringing it into the potlatch house. At length when a sufficient pile of wood had been gathered together they built a great and very hot fire of the wood. They fastened up all the doors and each Indian cut himself a cudgel about six feet long. All but old S'Beow went to bed and pretended to be asleep.

Along about midnight, after the fire had burned to a bed of live coals the heavy tread of Skobia was heard approaching the potlatch house. To illustrate the heavy tread of Skobia, the Indian will get down on all fours and slap the palm of his hands heavily on the ground after the fashion of the bear, skunk, weasel and other flat-footed quadrupeds.

Skobia came to the door and demanded admittance, but no one paid any attention to him. He then begged of them and pleaded with them and told them that he was their friend and wanted to come in to see them. At length old S'Beow pretended to rouse up and, like one just waking from a deep sleep, he stretched and yawned and inquired of Skobia what he wanted. "I am your friend and I want to come in and visit you," replied Skobia.

"You're a skunk and will stink us out!" said old S'Beow. "I'm your friend! I won't hurt you," replied Skobia. At last S'Beow told

Skobia how he might enter the house. Skobia was advised to go up on the roof, blindfold himself and just reach his toes down through the opening in the smoke hole so that S'Beow could catch hold of them. He did so and S'Beow caught hold of them and quickly opened up the smoke hole and threw Skobia down on the bed of burning coals.

The Indians then who pretended to have been asleep all this time, but who had not been asleep at all, sprung to their feet, grabbed their cudgels and turned Skobia over and over on the live coals and they kept turning him over, and turning him over, and Skobia kept growing smaller, and growing smaller, a long time until he was no larger than a rat and would not stink enough to hurt anybody. They then opened the door, kicked him out and ever since then the skunk has been a very small animal and no Indian has been afraid of him.

TRADITION OF A GREAT INDIAN BATTLE

THE Puget Sound Indians have a tradition of a great battle in which the Quillayutes were almost annihilated:

For many, many years in the early days of the country, as early as 1869, residents of what is now Jefferson county were puzzled over the vast number of human bones, principally skulls, that lay scattered about the beach not far from the military post that had been established at Port Townsend. That a great Indian battle had been fought and great slaughter made by the defeated; was plain but where and by whom was a mystery. The Indians then resident near the post were mysterious and non-committal on the subject and their chiefs smoked and were mute. The noted paper chief, Duke of York, though the heyday of his power was gone, was still an important personage among the Indians and settlers, and from him Mr. J. A. Kuhn, then residing at Port Townsend, decided to obtain the information so much desired. Strategy alone could succeed; mild persuasion had been tried often and by various ones. The great chief of the Clallam tribe persistently refused to tell and insisted vehemently that he could not account for the presence of the human relics. However, Mr. Kuhn one day induced the old chief to accompany him to an island in the Sound to search for shells, leaving the chief's two wives, Jenny and Queen, who were always his traveling companions, at home. While there, Mr. Kuhn after all endeavors to get the Indian to divulge the story of the battle had failed, told the chief to call at his home on a certain day and he would show him a sign from heaven and prove to the Indians that he was no ordinary being and that if the Duke did not tell him all he knew of the massacre he would cause the chief and his people great trouble. The noble old Indian with a large retinue of followers was on hand at Mr. Kuhn's house on the day appointed. Mr. Kuhn's trick was the old one of bringing on the darkness, and the untutored and savage mind was to be awed by an eclipse, the white man's power of foretelling being ascribed to the supernatural and a direct connection with the spirits that control all things on the earth and in

the sky. It was known to Mr. Kuhn that on the day set for the appearance at his house of the old Indian there would be an eclipse of the sun sufficient in importance to overawe the mind of the chief and compel him to tell the story from fear. When the eclipse occurred the old chief readily complied and told the story of a great massacre of the people of the Quillayute tribe whose possessions extended along the Pacific ocean south of Cape Flattery and joining on the straits that of the Clallam tribe over which the old Duke reigned on the east.

The Clallams claimed all the shore of the country extending from Pysht on the straits of Fuca to Hood's canal. The Quillayutes had invaded part of the ground claimed by the old Indian and his tribe. They hunted in their woods, fished for their salmon and dug their clams without permission. Hatred for them soon caused the Duke of York to plot their extermination. The Clallam tribe not being strong enough of themselves to make war on the invaders, the crafty old chief sent emissaries to the Skagit tribe to induce them to enter with him upon a war. The mission was successful and a number of their allies prepared to commence the slaughter of the unsuspecting enemy. The Quillayutes at the time were encamped upon the beach fishing and merry-making, all unconscious of the terrible fate so soon to overtake them. They were there with all their ictas, their papooses scampering about the white sands, or scuddling through the woods in the rear while the death-dealing Duke of York was planning their destruction. The Skagit Indians brought on the attack by appearing in front of the peaceful Quillayute camp in canoes, yelling and hooting to attract the attention of the enemy and bring them all out and down to the beach. The old Duke of York and his warriors, who were hidden in the woods in the rear, rushed out of their hiding places and the slaughter began. The Skagit warriors landed and the battle was soon raging fiercely. The attacking parties were too strong and the Quillayutes were soon at their mercy. The battle lasted but a short time and soon there was not a Quillayute brave left. There is nothing to mark the site of the great slaughter at this day save a few ghastly skulls whose wide eyeless sockets stare up at the passerby from their bed of gravel on the beach. Picnics are now held on the old battle ground and it sometimes happens while some young lady and her lover stroll about the shaded paths, or are seated on some mystic

seat their tete-a-tete is interrupted by a sudden view of one of these mementoes of the once numerous tribe of Quillayutes.

Another account which seems to cover much the same similar occurrence at the same place gives it that the tribe of the Duke of York were massacred with the exception of a very few. This took place, so it is related, when the old Duke was a small Indian about 14 years of age. The assailants were Sitkas, T'Klinkit or some other band of Alaska Indians who came by the way of Oak Bay, near Ludlow, across the spit to the present site of Hadlock, caught the Clallams asleep and killed some 600 of them. It is claimed that the remains are still discoverable at that point. As the Duke was about 80 when he died some years ago, this must have taken place between 1820 and 1825.

The first raid affecting the white population of the Sound was when a crowd of T'Klinkits(or in this case probably some more southerly tribe) came to Whidby island in 1855 and murdered Colonel Ebey, then collector of customs for the Puget Sound district. They not only murdered him, but beheaded him. Several of his posterity are now living and can give full facts in this case.

TRADITIONS OF VANCOUVER'S APPEARANCE

JACOBS, Big John, William Kitsap and others were among the leading or head men of the tribes on the upper Sound when the whites came. They were given Christian names by the early settlers and before their deaths commanded the respect of the whites, who not only learned their simple tongue, but were often regaled with the traditions and history of their tribes. From these men were gleaned the account of the arrival on the upper Sound of the first ship. Before any of these existing Indians were born, so their fathers had imparted to them, during the early part of a "warm sun" (summer time) just after sunset while the Indians were in camp at Bean's point, near what are now known as Blakeley rocks, the camp was thrown into great excitement and they ran about the beach uttering exclamations of wonder and astonishment. There upon the bosom of the placid Sound was the first white man's ship with wings outspread. Never had Indian eyes looked upon anything so wonderful. "Uch-i-dah uch-i-dah," wonderful, wonderful. "Ik-tch-o-coke; Ik-tch-o-coke!" what is that, what is that? Then the astonished natives took to the woods, fearing the greatest evil and disaster as they heard for the first time the noise of firing cannon. The more superstitious conceived it a message from the Great Spirit and were filled with the greatest alarm. Old Chief Kitsap was there and the brave old fellow stood his ground and by his demeanor allayed the fears of the more timorous, as well as by pronouncing it a big canoe. It is believed that Kitsap had, on some of his migrations to the lower Sound waters and straits, come in contact with some of the earlier Spanish cruisers. This was the belief of the older Indians at the time of the first white occupation of this country. Both Kitsap and Chief Sealth had made voyages at that time as far north as what is now Victoria harbor.

The next day following the appearance of the strange visitors, old Kitsap with a few of his sub-chiefs were persuaded to go on board the vessel and were filled with unbounded astonishment at what they saw. It was with an evident relish and much interest that the old Indians above named related through the interpreter Alfred, the

story of the visit aboard the first ship, as it was related to them by their fathers and grandsires. Iron, metal goods, knives, forks, chains, firearms and hard bread and other goods were brought out for their inspection. They were offered the hard bread and molasses to eat. The Indians called the latter Ta-gum, which in Chinook means pitch, but after persuasion tasted it and were well pleased and partook of both bread and molasses. Old Kitsap soon made himself at home on board the vessel and the strange white creatures that flitted about her decks were, after the first visit or two, without fear for the sturdy old native.

The Indians' account of Vancouver's movements while anchored off and in view of what is now Seattle harbor or Elliott bay, corresponds with his own. Kitsap piloted Vancouver up the Sound to what is now Olympia. While on this cruise with row-boats they visited the celebrated Old-Man-House at North bay, an Indian rendezvous. After an exploring expedition of ten or twelve days up the Sound, old Chief Kitsap as pilot went with Vancouver on a cruise down inside the Whidby island channel to Bellingham bay. Vancouver's ship remained at anchor nearly two moons at Blakeley rocks and the Indians secured of him the first instruments made of iron with which they executed fine carving, after the fashion of the totem posts at the Old-Man-House.

THE Rev. Cushing Eells and wife arrived in Oregon in the year 1836. His two sons were natives of this state and, following the example of their father, gave much of their lives to service among the Indians. Edwin, the elder, was agent at the Skokomish Reservation for a long period and was then transferred to the Puyallup Reservation. Myron studied for the ministry and supplemented his clerical activities by historic writings pertaining to early missionary work in the Pacific Northwest. He spent a score of years in missionary work among the Indians of Puget Sound, made investigation into the myths and traditions of the people with whom he labored, and stored up many interesting tales of them, particularly of the "Thunderbird" superstitions, almost as numerous on the Sound as those of the coyote in Eastern Washington. His later years were passed at Skokomish Reservation, near the head of Hood's Canal. The following was prepared by him:

THE TWANA THUNDERBIRD

THE general idea among the Indians is that thunder is caused by an immense bird, whose size darkens the heavens, whose body is the thunder cloud, the flapping of whose wings causes the thunder, and the bolts of fire, which it sends out of its mouth to kill the whale for its food, are the lightning. The Makahs and some other tribes, however, invest the animal with a twofold character, human and birdlike. According to them the being is supposed to be a gigantic Indian, named in the dialects of the various coast tribes, Kakaitch, T'hlu-kluts, and Tu-tutsh, the latter being the Nootkan name. He lives in the highest mountains and his food consists of whales. When he goes after food he puts on a great garment, which is made of a bird's head, a pair of very large wings, and a feather covering for his body, and around his waist he ties the lightning fish, which slightly resembles the sea horse. This animal has a head as sharp as a knife, and when he sees a whale he darts the lightning fish into its body, which he then seizes and carries to his home. Occasionally, however, he strikes a tree, and more seldom a man.

The origin of the bird, according to Mr. Swan, as given by

the Chehalis and Chinook Indians, is as follows: 'Ages ago an old man named Too-lux, or the south wind, while traveling north, met an old woman named Quoots-hooi, who was an ogress or giantess. He asked her for food, when she gave him a net, telling him that she had nothing to eat, and he must go and try to catch some fish. He accordingly dragged the net and succeeded in catching the grampus, or, as the Indians called it, a little whale. This he was about to cut with his knife, when an old woman cried out to him to take a sharp shell, and not to cut the fish crossways, but split it down the back. Without giving heed to what she said he cut the fish across the side and was about to take off a piece of blubber, but the fish immediately changed into an immense bird, that, when flying, completely obscured the sun, and the noise made by its wings shook the earth.' They also add that this Thunderbird flew to the north and lit on the top of the Saddleback Mountain, near the Columbia River, where it laid a nest full of eggs. It was followed by the giantess, who found the eggs; whereupon she began to break and eat them, and from these mankind, or at least the Chehalis and Chinook tribes, were produced. The Thunderbird, called Hahness by those Indians, came back, and, finding its nest destroyed, went to Too-lux, the south wind, for redress, but neither of them could ever find the ogress, although they regularly went north every year.

As to the cause of thunder among these tribes, Mr. Swan says that when a young girl reaches womanhood, she has to go through a process of purification, which lasts a month. Among other customs at this time, if there is a southwest wind, with signs of rain, she must on no account go out of doors, else the southwest wind is so offended that he will send the Thunderbird, who then, by shaking his wings, causes the thunder, and from whose eyes go forth the flashes of lightning. As far as Mr. Swan knew, every thunder storm which occurred while he lived at Shoalwater Bay (three years) was attributed by the Indians to this cause—that is, to some girl disobeying this law.

The Indians are very superstitious in regard to this bird, believing that if they possess any feather, bone or part of it, or bone of the lightning fish, it will be of supernatural advantage to them. A Makah, who had been very sick, was reduced to a skeleton, and

it was believed could not recover, yet he managed to crawl one day, says Mr. Swan, to a brook near by, and while there he heard a rustling which so frightened him that he covered his face with his blanket. Peeping out he saw a raven near him, apparently trying to throw up something, and, according to the Indian, it did throw up a piece of bone about three inches long. The Indian secured this, believing it to be a bone of the Thunderbird, and he was told by the Indian doctors that it was a medicine sent to him by his Ta-mahn-a-wis, or guardian spirit, to cure him. It was a fact that he did recover very quickly, perhaps through the effect of his imagining it to be such a bone and a strong medicine. It may also have been dropped by the raven.

On one occasion, at a display of fireworks in Port Townsend, a number of rockets bursting showed fiery serpents. These the Indians believed belonged to the Thunderbird, and offered large sums for pieces of the animal. They told Mr. Swan they would give two hundred dollars for the backbone of one.

A Quiniault Indian once professed to have obtained a feather of one of these birds. He said he saw one of them light, and creeping up softly, tied a buckskin string to one of its feathers and fastened the other end to a stump. When the bird flew away it left the feather, which was forty fathoms long. No other Indian saw it, for he was careful to keep it hid, but possession of it was not questioned by the rest, as he was very successful in catching sea otter. According to the Makahs, one of the principal homes of the bird is on a mountain back of Clayoquot, on Vancouver Island, where there is a lake, and around it the Indians say are many bones of whales which the bird has killed.

Many of the northwestern Indians have a performance in honor of this Thunderbird, which is called the thunderbird performance or 'Black Ta-mahn-a-wis.' It is said to have originated with the Nittinat Indians, according to the following legend, as recorded by Mr. Swan: Two men had fallen love with the same woman, but she would not give either the preference, whereupon they began to quarrel. But one of them, of more sense than the other, said: "Do not let us fight about that squaw. I will go and see the chief of the wolves

and he will tell me what is to be done, but I cannot get to his house except by stratagem. Now, they will know we are at variance; so do you take me by the hair and drag me over these sharp rocks, which are covered with barnacles, and I shall bleed and pretend to be dead, and the wolves will come and carry me away to their house." This was done, but when the wolves were ready to eat him he jumped up and astonished them by his boldness. The chief wolf was so much pleased with his bravery that he taught the man the mysteries of the Thunderbird performance. This, the most savage of all the Indian ceremonies, spread among all the Indians on Puget Sound, as well as to the north, the latter being the most savage in the performance of the ceremonies. Among other things, the performers hoot like owls, howl like wolves, paint their bodies black, especially the face, from which fact, in whole or in part, comes the English name 'black tomahnawis'; scarify their arms, legs and sometimes the body, so as to bleed profusely, in remembrance of its origin; they make much noise by firing guns, pound on drums to represent thunder, flash torches of pitchwood about as a representation of lightning, and whistle sharply in imitation of the wind. The ceremonies, however, vary in different tribes, being much more savage and bloody in some than in others. Among the Makahs five days are usually occupied in secret ceremonies, such as initiating candidates and other performances, before any public outdoor ceremonies take place. Among the Clallams the candidate for initiation is put into a kind of mesmeric sleep, which does not appear to be the case with the Makahs. Among the Clallams, however, the secret ceremonies are not always as long as among the Makahs.

"S'BE-OW" appears in "Morse's Monthly," which was published in Snohomish in January, 1883. Only one number appeared as subscriptions to it did not meet the publisher's anticipations. He spent his frequent vacations in traveling all over Puget Sound, mostly on foot or in an Indian canoe, usually alone. He was of medium height, of much breadth of shoulder and of powerful frame. In his rambles about the country his attire was not a model of fashion but was rough, with a blanket coat outside. Because of his fancied resemblance to a bear the natives christened him "S'Be-ow." He made a large collection of Indian folklore, their customs and manners, which would have been a valuable contribution to our history of the local Indians, but it was not published and so far as I have been able to ascertain it was not preserved.

S'BE-OW

AMONG the most common subjects for legends, with the Japanese, are the magic foxes, who are supposed to work all sorts of enchantments upon their victims. In the Sound country there are no foxes; yet S'Be-ow, one of the most common of all subjects for Puget Sound legends, means the chief or *tyee* of the foxes. While the legends have grown here, yet many of the S'Be-ow stories originated to the northward, perhaps, amid the homes of the Arctic foxes. In default of foxes, east of the Cascade Mountains, the term S'Be-ow is sometimes applied to the coyote, as being like the fox, among the most cunning of animals. Most of the Indians understood the difference, and will tell you that the real animal, of which S'Be-ow is the *tyee* or original, is to be found here.

All of the Indians say, "There was a time when there were no men or women; but all those who afterwards became men and women, first existed as animals." It was at this time that S'Be-ow was the first of the foxes. He was the most cunning and crafty of all animals; none could equal him in this respect. The S'Be-ow stories illustrate the extent and power, as well as the limitations, of cunning. They show how the character, which they personify, was continually falling blindly into the worst possible situations, and how, by his skill and address, he would get out of his troubles, only to encounter

fresh adventures at every turn. The Indians delight to tell these stories to their young, because they are so well designed to teach their youth shrewdness and cunning; to the savage mind, the highest form of wisdom. While presenting clear cut distinction of character, they are oftentimes quite feeble in their moral distinctions. It is only after the Indians have been for some time subject to missionary influences, that their legends show traces of a distinct belief in one supreme power. They will quickly pick up the old Bible stories, work them over to their ideas, and then will frequently attempt to tell them as genuine Indian legends. When contradicted, they are apt to say, *"Yaka delate cokqua copa ole man wawa,"* or that these Bible stories are just the same as their old legends, and that they can see no difference between them. The difference is really so great, between this false addition and the old stock of traditions, and is so easily detected, that it causes no great inconvenience, and is only likely to fool a *chechaco* (newcomer), or one of those old style preachers who look upon all savage legends as corruptions of the Mosaic record; even though some of the *siwashes* may assure you that Adam, Moses and Christ were all *siwashes,* and that they knew all about them, long before the "Bostons" came into the country.

This last statement—that they knew of these names long before they knew of the whites—may be true; as such stories, being first turned into legendary form, might easily have traveled from the East and South, from tribe to tribe, from where they were first told by missionaries, perhaps two or three centuries ago, until they reached the extreme Northwest. While this is highly probable, still it has little connection with the S'Be-ow stories, as they show very slight admixture with the ideas of the Bostons. With but few exceptions, they express the thoughts and feelings of the genuine *siwash.*

S'Be-ow is usually represented as a very old man; but he is so liable to change his form that it is difficult to tell what shape he may assume at any moment. The Indians have not, like the whites, a clearly marked distinction of the difference between men and animals, and hence, it oftentimes becomes very difficult, in listening to their legends, to tell whether they are describing a mere animal, or a man

existing in the form of an animal, or a man in human form with the name and character of an animal; or lastly, a genuine *temanaous,* a true genii, who, when a man, has usually one characteristic form, but who may at any moment change his form into any object, animate or inanimate, as it would assist him to carry out his plans or secure his objects. Such was "old S'Be-ow." While his cunning was typical of the fox, and he was thus considered as the *tyee* of all the foxes, yet he assumed any desired form at will, and could be a beaver or a stick of wood, even, as well as a man. One peculiarity about him was that though they might destroy his body, or any one or more bodies he might assume, still he had such a *skookum tumtum* (so strong a spirit, or such a powerful will), it was impossible to destroy that. Frequently the stories describe him as being killed, but shortly afterwards he is around as *skookum* (powerful) as ever.

Some of the Indians who have been much among the whites and have learned of their moral distinctions, will say out of deference to the supposed opinions of their white friends, that S'Be-ow was a very bad person; but their conduct when these stories are being told indicates a hearty approval of his acts, while the stories themselves point to a state of Eden-like ignorance, where this character acts with little or no perception of what we call right and wrong. Whether he does well or ill, good or evil, he appears to have no consciousness of there being any such thing as moral responsibility. When sent for he would frequently come and do many kindly acts for those requesting his services; yet, *siwash* like, he would frequently manifest the greatest possible ingratitude towards those who had befriended him.

An intelligent Indian woman, the wife of an "old settler," describes S'Be-ow's traditional appearance as follows:

S'Be-ow, *delate ole man, halo* tall man, *wake* long man; *yaka* eyes *delate* sharp, *hyas* black eyes, yet w-a-y out from his head, *yaka* shine *hyas* bright, *delate cokqua copa chickamen. Yaka* nose, *delate* long, *hyas* sharp; *hyas* long thin, *delate* sharp ears; *yaka* teeth, *delate* long, *yaka* stick way out of his mouth in front; *yaka* cheeks, *delate cokua hyas; delate* short, *tecope* hair; *delate hyas tecope* beard, *yaka* come way down below his waist; *yaka* belly *delate hyas, delate cokqua* (with motions to show that he was very thick and fat.) *Wake* long arms, *tenas hands, pe tenas* feet. He could pull out his eyes and play

ball with them. He could pull out his teeth and put them back in his mouth again. His coat was made with four little live birds for buttons.

By leaving out the Chinook in the first part of the above description it would read as follows: S'Be-ow was not tall or long, he was very short and thick and fat. He had short white hair; a long white beard, which hung below his waist; very fat cheeks; long sharp nose; very long thin and sharp ears; teeth so long that they would stick out of his mouth like tusks; not long arms; small hands and feet.

Perhaps his eyes were his most characteristic feature; they were not only very sharp and black and sparkling; but they set out of his head, and shone with a beady, metallic luster, and fairly twinkled with shrewdness and cunning. He used to take them out, play ball with them and put them back in his head again, as he walked along the trails, and once, while getting out of a bad fix, these eyes were stolen and he had many strange adventures to recover them.

"KA-MI-AKIN" is the title of a book that merits much wider circulation than it has received. It was written by A. J. Splawn, who went into the Yakima country as a child and lived there more than fifty years. He possessed the confidence and friendship of the wild tribes to a remarkable degree, and his book shows that Mr. Splawn was also their friend and defender.

Mrs. Splawn, his widow, holds the copyright, and has kindly consented to our use of selections from its "Folklore."

LEGEND OF I-YAP-PE-AH

LONG, long ago, when my grandfather was young, there were more people than now. Ho-mow-wah, chief of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, lived most of the time by this lake. His daughter, I-yap-pe-ah, was said to be the most beautiful girl of the tribes; word of her loveliness spread throughout all the nations. Ho-mow-wah was a great lover of haiqua shells. At this time there were no horses, and the shells were valuable above everything.

Powerful chiefs came from far off to try to win this noted princess; they made presents of haiqua to her father who hastily concealed them in a cave among the rocks—for Ho-mow-wah was a miser. To aid her father, I-yap-pe-ah smiled upon all suitors alike until they had given all the shells they had; then she became cold and indifferent. Many chieftains went away from her sullen and in anger.

At last there appeared from the buffalo country far towards the rising sun a warrior who was of darker color than any who had come before. He gave to Ho-mow-wah long strings of wampum, which pleased him. The young girl smiled upon him, and for a while the stranger felt that he would win the mountain flower. But her father's thirst for wealth was not yet satisfied. He said that the stranger must go back to his home and return with more wampum and with buffalo robes.

But this suitor was cast in a different mold from those who had preceded him. Spirited and brave, with thousands of warrriors behind him, he was not one to endure insult. When, with dark looks

and flashing eyes he took his departure, his mind was determined on revenge.

Si-ko-gan, old and trusted warrior of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, who had been leader in many hard-fought battles and knew a brave man when he saw one, could not forget the look in the eyes of the dark warrior as he went away. A feeling of uneasiness which he could not shake off, came over him.

With Ko-he-gan, brother of I-yap-pe-ah, he visited the surrounding tribes, telling them of his fears concerning the return of the strange warrior, suggesting that he might come back to conquer them with an army of overwhelming numbers. If successful with the Pisch-wan-wap-pums, he would likewise subjugate other tribes, and to prevent this, they must stand together.

Councils were held, resulting in a decision to fight the common foe. Men, noted for their bravery and endurance, were to be sent into the buffalo country to scatter among the tribes there and learn their intentions. Swift runners were to be strung along the way so that when the strange tribes made the first move against them couriers in relays could inform their people of the coming of the enemy. In the early winter these men started on their mission, and soon learned of the intended invasion of their country. When the snow had gone from the valleys and the hills, and the salmon had begun to run upstream, the runners brought in word that thousands of warriors would be upon them by another moon. Every tribe gathered for the fray, the line of defense reaching from Ko-wah-chin (Rock Island) to We-nas. Ko-he-gan, young and brave, with the daring Skin-mit next in command, were selected to lead the fighting. Then came word that the great army of invaders was crossing the Wi-nah (Columbia) from Wah-luke to Ko-wah-chin. Breastworks were built along the Wi-nah at points where narrow trails run along the rocks and here the invading army met stubborn resistance. The dark warrior with his main force pushed on to Che-loh-an and At-sha. The battles raged fiercely, but foot by foot, the stranger pushed back the forces of Ko-he-gan and Skin-mit. It was a hand to hand fight, the only weapons being bows and arrows, war clubs and the deadly spampt (a sling shot made of a rock). Fighting equally fierce, but with smaller numbers, was going on at Ko-wah-chin and Se-lah.

The line of battle was now forty miles wide with the main forces, commanded by Ko-he-gan and the dark stranger, in the center.

The prince of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams was forced to retreat because of his inferior numbers, some of his allies, remembering the humiliations put upon them by Ho-mow-wah and I-yap-pe-ah when they were suitors for the daughter's hand, took this opportunity to turn traitor. On up the E-ya-ki-ma to Cle-el-um, then on by the lake to Salmon-le-Sac the black warrior fought his way. Knowing that the veteran Si-ko-gan was lying near-by with a thousand picked warriors, Ko-he-gan resolved here to make his last stand. The dark chief had with him a small band of selected braves. Slipping around Ko-he-gan, they went up to the lake, captured I-yap-pe-ah and carried her back to the main army at Salmon-le-Sac where the fighting was now desperate. I-yap-pe-ah was led to a rocky point in plain view of the battle field where all might see her.

The sight of his sister in the hands of the enemy did not discourage Ko-he-gan nor the faithful Skin-mit. Giving the war cry of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams, which was echoed by old Si-ko-gan, who, with his undefeated fiery warriors, the flower of the nation, came on like an avalanche; they carried everything before them. Si-ko-gan, hero of a hundred battles, led the charge right through the center of the enemy, fighting his way till he came face to face with the dark warrior who held I-yap-pe-ah. In the hand-to-hand conflict which ensued, the maiden, forgotten by her captor, crept away. He, with his club raised to kill, was himself laid low by a blow from Si-ko-gan. The death of the leader caused a panic. With great slaughter Ko-he-gan and his warriors drove the enemy back to Che-loh-an and At-sha, where he called a halt, saying, "We could follow them to Wi-nah, letting only a few escape, but it is not best. Here, where the fight began, let it end. They will know that we can be generous as well as brave, and they will have no motive for revenge. Some of our people are now in their country and the time will come when others will go there to kill the buffalo. From sunset today we will let them go back unmolested to their people. In future years we may become good friends instead of bitter enemies."

Runners were sent out along the line with word to cease hostilities and meet in council at Che-loh-an. When all had come in, pipes

were smoked and deeds of valor told; but many, many warriors were missing. Not more than half the fighters on either side had survived; along the battle front thousands of bodies of friends and foes, lay strewn for the vultures and wild beasts to gorge upon. This invasion taught these tribes that a closer friendship should exist, jealousies should be forgotten and petty tribal wars must cease.

Back on the battlefield of Salmon-le-Sac, where the tide had turned, Ko-he-gan had paused long enough to acknowledge to the faithful old Si-ko-gan his gratitude. "Our fate rested with you," he said, "you saved the nation, and forever established the power and fame of the Pisch-wan-wap-pams. Your years are covered with honors. Our children and our children's children will sing your praises so long as the mountains stand. You are old. Remain here, while I go to drive the enemy back over the same ground where they drove me. Where the fighting began, there shall it end, and they can go in peace."

Now, Wal-li-pah, a Kusan chieftain, one of I-yap-pe-ah's rejected suitors, who had been fighting with Ko-he-gan, seeing the tide of battle turning, had drawn off with two hundred warriors and hid behind a hill not far from the battle ground, waiting for the pursuit by the victors to begin. I-yap-pe-ah would be left behind, he knew, with a few of the old and disabled men, and he planned to capture her and make his way out of the country with the prize.

When the beautiful girl was not to be seen among the few men left, disappointment gave way to a desire for revenge. He formed a traitorous plot. Taking about forty of his men, he went to where Si-ko-gan, with about the same number, was resting on the battlefield and said, "Now that the fighting is over and we are victorious, let us play ko-ho-ho (the ancient Indian football game). To show our good faith we will pile up our weapons on the hillside."

Si-ko-gan agreed without a thought of fear. Was not Wal-li-pah a friend, an ally who had fought with them?

In the midst of the game, the hidden warriors of Wal-li-pah's band rushed down upon Si-ko-gan's men. Unarmed, they could make but faint resistance, and all were massacred save one, who escaped and carried the news to Ko-he-gan in council at Che-loh-an. That brave, and, up to now, considerate warrior, grew fierce and wild.

Resolving that the arch-traitor who had slain Si-ko-gan, should die with all his band, he threw his army out in both directions, forming a wall from We-nas to Ko-wah-chin. Believing that the renegades would stick to the timbered hills until they could reach Wi-nah, he led the way north over the mountains towards Ko-wah-chin and while descending the northern slope overlooking the little valley of Ko-lock-um, he caught sight of the fleeing murderers. Detachments were sent both right and left with orders to move up in front of the fugitives at a narrow place in the creek, while Ko-he-gan followed up the rear. The orders were, "Let none escape. Their scalps must hang in our wigwams that our children will know for generations that Si-ko-gan was avenged."

When the band of traitors reached the narrow defile, they were attacked in front and at both sides; turning to escape they were confronted by the pursuers. The war cry that had sounded at Salmon-le-Sac was repeated here. Catching sight of Wal-li-pah, Ko-he-gan fought his way to him like a demon; with a grim smile of satisfaction he landed his war club on the villain's head, ending his career forever. Around the body of their fallen chief rallied the remnant of the misguided band, throwing all their strength against him who, with blood-stained war club, was piling up a monument of dead around him; but again came the war cry, there were a few more dull thuds, and then none remained of Wal-li-pah's warriors to tell the tale. Ko-he-gan, waving the bleeding scalp of Wal-li-pah on high, cried: "Thus perish all traitors."

When I-yap-pe-ah made her escape, she had hidden in some rocks overlooking the battle ground. She had witnessed the victory, the death of her captor, the meeting between Ko-he-gan and Si-ko-gan. She was about to go down to the latter when Wal-li-pah appeared and she hesitated. Then, almost at once, before her was perpetrated his awful treachery. The sight froze her to the spot. For the first time she realized that it was she who had been the cause of all this bloodshed. When the sun went down, she made her way to where the dead lay strewn. By the side of the bravest warrior of his tribe, she paused to gaze; and in that moment became a changed being. Out from the forest came the howl of the Speel-yi (wolf or coyote) and the roar of the Twe-tas (grizzly bear) telling their own story.

She sped swiftly away up the Why-ne-mick to the lake where she found her father's lone wigwam. There sat the old man gloating over his haiqua shells and wampum. The sight brought before her memory the awful carnage and opened the flood gates of remorse. Standing before him, she said, "Nearly half our people are dead. Ko-he-gan is still fighting the flying enemy and may never return. Si-ko-gan and thousands of his warriors have gone the long trail, while you sit here gazing on your accursed shells which caused you to forget your people and to put out the fire of my life. You used me, because of my beauty, to gain for you the only things for which you care. Go! Go, I say, to the hidden cave with your ill-gotten gains and perish with them for the sake of your tribe. My sun is set. I shall be seen no more, but my voice will be heard."

Leaving the lodge, she wandered far up into the higher mountains, where she fell asleep and heard the voice of Speel-yi, the all-wise tam-man-a-was say, "Your father's forked tongue and crooked ways have caused so much bloodshed in this land, that the Great Spirit is angry; nothing but a sacrifice will appease his wrath and make your people again happy. Long ago my son suffered the same fate. The tall shaft of rock that stands on the hill near the lake at I-i-yas was once my boy. Go to a point overlooking Lake I-yap-pe-ah and the Why-ne-mick; stand erect while your eyes gaze on the shining stars. The Great Spirit will turn you into stone and there, as a solitary spire on which the setting sun will cast a reddish hue, you will remind your people forever of this war of bloodshed and death. Ho-mow-wah has taken your advice, and now sleeps the long sleep in the hidden cave among his shells."

The warriors returned to find the old chief gone. His squaw alone remained, who told of the daughter's talk with her father, and the disappearance of both of them. Out on the mountain stood a tall column of rock which had not been there before. Ko-he-gan set out to find the Speel-yi of the mountains who knows every secret. Up among the snow peaks he fell asleep and the voice he sought bade him go back to his people and tell them that he was chief, that his father lay dead in the hidden cave and that his sister had sacrificed herself to make peace with the Great Spirit. The stone spire was her monument, while the wailing wind through the pine trees would be the voice of I-yap-pe-ah.

TRADITION OF THE ELEQUAS TEIN OR STICK INDIANS

WHEN a boy, the Yakima Indians told me of the Elequas Tein (Stick Indians), a wild race of small people, who inhabited the high craggy peaks along both sides of the summit of the Cascade Mountains around the headwaters of Chelan and Skagit rivers. They were held in superstitious awe by many, who believed they were the spirits of departed warriors. Hunters who sought the mountain goat high up among the snowy peaks, ofttimes being compelled to remain there over night, claimed to have heard their voices around the camp.

They were seldom seen, only glimpses being caught as they bounded from crag to crag, disappearing down some yawning abyss, which led many to believe that they had wings. Some Indian hunters claimed to have talked to the spirit chief, Tal-le-las-ket, who told them to kill all the sheep and goats they needed, for his people had plenty. It is said at one time a very fine-looking Stick Indian approached a young squaw of the We-nat-sha tribe while she was gathering huckleberries and made love to her and that she followed him away. The tribe searched for her until the snow became so deep they had to desist, giving her up for dead.

A few years later, while her people were gathering huckleberries, encamped where the girl was lost, she reappeared with two children and told this story: The Stick Indians were not spirits, as many believed, she said, but red men like themselves, only of smaller stature, hardy and active. The tradition regarding their origin was: "That long ago two noted hunters, whose tribe dwelt by the big salt water towards the setting sun, while hunting for goats had found that these rugged mountain peaks were the real home of these animals. These two men were not of royal lineage, but were in love with two girls whose fathers were both chiefs and who refused to allow their daughters to marry any other than the sons of chiefs. These hunters were bold men and resolved to carry away the two girls to the goat mountains, there to remain always.

After many years, while roaming among the snowy peaks at the

head of Cle-elum, they found two more men and women who had, for the same reason, left their tribe. They joined forces and from this source come the Stick Indians.

After a few days this squaw and her two children bade good-bye to her people and returned to the Stick tribe. She was never seen again.

THE LEGEND OF SUP-TAH-HEES (PAINTED ROCKS) ON NAH-CHEEZ RIVER

IN the long ago Sup-tah-hees, the little god, dwelt in these rocks. He was the great Medicine King of all things—the land, water, fish, animals and vegetation. These rocks were his ledger, and the painting was his writing, for he kept a record of all events.

Many young men and women have gone to these painted rocks and watched all night for the appearance of this little god, hoping he would tell them who he was and give them some of his medicine, for it was a great Tam-man-na-was.

It is claimed that Sup-tah-hees once appeared to an Indian and told him his story. After finishing it, he informed the listener that after a certain number of days he would die. The man died. After the coming of the white man Sup-tah-hees disappeared. Civilization seems to have been too much for even this little god and his great medicine.

There is a mystery yet unsolved regarding the painted rocks. What tribe painted them, and for what purpose, no one of this age knows. The paintings resemble the sun with its rays. Perhaps they were a tribe of sun worshipers from the north, emigrating to the south. Such paintings are found along the Missouri river, in Arizona and in Mexico. The paintings might have been scattered along the way to mark their route and to tell the story of their journey, for identically the same kind of paintings are to be seen over two hundred miles to the north on Bonaparte creek, a few miles above where it empties into the Okanogan river. I have also seen them on the Deschutes river in Eastern Oregon, two hundred miles to the south.

I looked upon these painted rocks fifty years ago. In all that time, where they have been left untouched by the destroying hand of the whites, they have faded but little. The oldest Indians of fifty years ago had the same traditions that these Indians have now, which gives us positive information regarding them for over a century. My

observations for fifty years show but a slight fading of the colors, which leads me to believe that the paintings are many centuries old.

Another important question is, where did these Indians get the paint that has stood the storms of time for over a century? We can only surmise. I believe it was a mixture of cinnabar.

There is no question that these paintings were here long before the coming of the white man. They are very ancient, with a mythical history, which should have been preserved. In other times they would have been, but in this commercial age of graft and strife, where every one is pursuing the almighty dollar with whip and lash, poetry and sentiment find no abiding place in the hearts of men.

TRADITION OF ME-OW-WAH CHIEF

THE mountain bearing this name stands southwest and near Soda springs in the Tieton basin, and is commonly known as Goose Egg mountain. In the very long ago, this mountain was an Indian chief, whose people dwelt in the Yakima valley. He was not of the kind who reveled in war and boasted of the many scalps of his enemy which dangled at his belt, but noted for his wisdom and virtue. Having no inclination for women, he had no wigwam, no squaw of his own, but was a welcome guest in every lodge. Strong in council, his influence was always thrown on the side of peace, and for many years war among the surrounding tribes was unknown, during which time they multiplied and were happy.

Chiefs from far and near tried to induce him to take many wives, that his progeny might become numerous and scattered among the different tribes, but their persuasions were of no avail. Many different chiefs met in private council to devise some means whereby this great and good man should not die without issue, and it was decided to send their prettiest daughters to his village to use every wile in their power to loosen his moral fiber. Some one of these princesses was constantly at his side; they made him beautiful moccasins and other adornments, painted their faces in the various hues known to their art, sang sweet lullabys at his feet, but failed to change him. They only succeeded in blasting his hopes, and discouraging him from any further efforts towards bettering the morals of the red men.

He now realized that the evil spirit Top-e-lo (Devil) was fast making inroads upon the chastity of his race. At a late hour of the night, when the princesses had for a time relaxed their vigilance to join in the revelry among the lodges, Me-ow-wah strode out from the village and vanished from his people, to become a hermit. Making his way in a westerly course over tall mountains, he came to a beautiful valley with a bubbling spring of sparkling water, which seemed to enchant him. The taste was peculiar and imparted a strange, pleasant feeling that he had never experienced before, so he concluded to take up his abode here by the medicine water. After his people had found

him in this beautiful place, they tried to induce him to return, but he refused.

Another council of chiefs was held and the conclusion reached that another trial should be made to win him, this time by the most noted and seductive beauties of all the tribes, regardless of rank. Me-ow-wah, anticipating another move of that kind by those carnal chiefs, consulted the Speel-yi, his father, who advised him, as he had I-yap-pe-ah before, to make a sacrifice of himself, as well as of those women who were now on their way to debauch him. This would appease the growing anger of the Great Spirit towards the tribes.

Me-ow-wah and his father, the Speel-yi, now had a complete understanding, and awaited the arrival of the famous beauties, who soon appeared from the four cardinal points. The Okanogans from the north, Wishams to the south, from the east the Spokanes, and from the west the Cowlitz, came, all bearing bouquets of the choicest foods that grew in their native lands. When they had reached within a short distance Me-ow-wah rose up and, stretching his arms to full length, cried out, "Mit-whit" (stop). While in that position, they were all turned into stone by Speel-yi. There as mighty sentinels in this silent valley they have stood for ages, a warning to the red men of the price of sin.

The rocks representing these different women I will now describe as if standing at Soda springs. The rocky point on the opposite side of Tieton river near the mouth of Wildcat creek is the Okanogan princess. The small rocky point standing easterly and about a mile farther away is the Spokane. The great rugged peak commonly known as the Kloochman (woman) standing on the south is the Wisham; and the point above the McAllister meadows between Bear creek and the Tieton river is the Cowlitz. The different narratives of this legend vary but slightly.

THE Smithsonian Institution — Bureau of Ethnology — in 1894 issued "Chinook Texts," by Franz Boas, who has been accepted as the eminent authority in matters pertaining to Indian languages, especially those of the Pacific Northwest.

In the years 1890-1, Mr. Boas made his temporary abode in what is now the Willapa country, then Shoalwater Bay. He was fortunate in finding there almost the only living member of the once great tribe, the Chinook. This Indian's name was Cultee.

Mr. Boas gives him credit for remarkable intelligence and says the work of translating and explaining the Chinook texts was greatly facilitated thereby. This labor was the more difficult in that the two could only converse in the Chinook jargon.

The book gives eighteen of the Chinook and Chehalis myths, besides much pertaining to the beliefs, customs, tales, etc., of those tribes. Space could only be allowed for three of these myths, which are given here in the technical form originally prepared by Mr. Boas.

RAVEN AND GULL MYTH

THERE was a gull. Every day he went on the beach to search for food, and filled his bags with poggies and codfish and flounders. One day he went to search on the beach and saw tracks of a person which had come towards him and turned back again. He went all over the beach, but he did not find anything. He went home and thought: "Tomorrow I will start earlier." The next morning he went again. He went a long distance. He found tracks of a person who had already returned home [before he came to the beach]. He grew angry. He went some distance, but did not find anything. Then he went home. He scolded. Early the next morning he arose and went. He went a short distance and found tracks of a person who had already returned. He was very angry. He went a short way, but did not find anything. He went home. Then he scolded. He had inherited the beach. On the following morning he went out the fourth time. He went a short distance and found tracks of a person. He became very angry and scolded. He returned home, sharpened his knife, and said: "Tomorrow I will discover who is always earlier than I." He did not eat, and when it was still quite dark he started. He had gone quite a distance when the morning star rose. Now he saw a person, and after some time they met. He recognized the raven. He carried a large mat on

his back. "What is in your mat, Kanauwulewulewulewule?" "I carry crabs' claws to my children." The gull went around him and said to the man: "What is in your mat, Kanauwulewulewulewule?" "I carry crabs' claws to my children." Five times he went around him and then he stabbed [the raven with his knife]. He fell down and died. Then he took the raven's mat and poured it out. Then poggies mixed with codfish and flounders fell out. He put them into his own mat and went home. [While he was walking he sang:] "Now I have killed the one who always went out first." He got home.

After a little while some people found the raven dead on the beach. [They said to a young man:] "Quick, go tell his sister." He ran to the house of the crow and entered. He found the crow at work making a large mat. "Your brother has been killed, crow," he shouted. She remained silent. He repeated, "The gull has killed your brother." She remained silent. Again he said: "Your brother has been killed, crow." Five times he repeated it. Then the crow arose, took some cedar bark, and tied it around her head as a head ring, and tied some around her waist. Then she took a rattle and began to sing and to shake her rattle. She called together all her people, the land birds. She called the eagles, the owls, the cranes, the chicken-hawks, the large hawks, the duck-hawks. All her people were strong. The gull called together his people, the ducks, the tail ducks [?], sprit-tail ducks [?], pelicans, albatross, loons, shags, and coatches. All his people were flat footed. Now the crow made war against the gull. [They sang their war song:] "I shall frighten him away from the beach, Tasmo'tl Tasmo'tl he he he he." [Tasmo'tl is the mythical name of the gull.] The duck-hawk jumped at the tail duck and tore off its head and they killed part of the gull's people. They became afraid. The crow said: "Let it be low water early in the morning." They said: "The crow asks for low water in the morning. Then the flood tide shall begin. Many things will drift ashore." The gull wanted to give her high water early in the morning, but the crow did not accept it. The gull's people were afraid and said: "Give her what she wants, give her what she wants, or she will kill us." Then he wanted to give her half-tide early in the morning. But the crow did not accept it. One-half of the gull's people were killed by that time. Then he offered her ebb tide late in the morning, but she did not accept it. Then the gull's people

said: "Give her what she wants, else she will kill us. She can not rise early, you will always be the first to wake up and she will awake after you. You will first go to the beach and she will go after you." Then the gull said: "Tell her that I will give her what she wants." They went to the crow and said: "Now he gives you what you have asked for." Then the crow was glad, and she and her people went home.

THE ELK HUNTER

A YOUTH was in the habit of setting traps. He always killed bears. One year he had set his traps [as usual], and when he went to look after them [he heard] a woman crying in a trap. He reached her. Her hand was caught in the trap. She was pretty woman. Her hair was brown, her feet and her hands were tattooed. He opened the trap and took her hand out of it. She said to him: "You will excel all the people. You have caught even me in your trap. You will be a great hunter." The youth said: "I shall carry you to our town." Thus he spoke to his supernatural helper. "I shall show you to the Indians." Now he carried her home. His relatives saw her and all died. He died also.

After many years another boy saw her. He had no father and no mother. He was poor. He was a small boy. She said to him: "When you have grown a little larger, you will excel all hunters. I did not tell the first Indian [not to show me] and behold, he showed me to the people. When you go elk hunting carry only a stick in your hand and paint that stick." The boy grew up and became a youth. Then he sang:

"I did not tell him thus, the first one, and behold, he showed me to the Indians.
I did not tell him thus, the first one. Behold!"

He also sang:

"If the orphan boy remembers what is told of olden times,
If the orphan boy remembers what is told of olden times,
He shall excel all others."

The people helped him singing. An old man was brought there who came to listen. He had been a hunter. He listened to the singer and said: "Oh, help our boy sing; he saw a supernatural being. He saw the hunter spirit." He sang five days. Cedar bark was dyed red and put on him. A stick was painted red and given to him. Then he went up the river. He went a long distance. He sang when he was going into the woods. Now he drove the elks [toward the water]. His relatives had remained in the town. One of them said: "An elk is coming down to the water." They took their arrows. Another one came; again one and again one came. They counted them, but when

they had counted seventy they lost the number. The old man said: "Let the elks alone; do not shoot them; perhaps the boy who sings is driving these elks." They stood near the water and the opening was quite full of them. Then the boy came down singing. He took that stick and pointed seaward to the water. The elks stood there a short while and then they swam seaward. When the boy came to the sea he shouted, and all the elks died. Now he called the wind to blow landward and a northerly wind arose. The elks drifted ashore, and the beach in front of the town was full of them. Now his relatives went down to the beach. They cut up only the fat ones. The lean ones were skinned merely. Then the houses of his relatives became full. Now, whenever he went to hunt elk, he carried only a stick, and shouted. As soon as an elk met him it died. He excelled all hunters.

THE PANTHER MYTH

THERE was the panther. He was an elk hunter. Every day he went hunting. One day he found a branch [of spruce]; he twisted it and threw it under his bed. It was a pretty branch. [Then he said:] "Oh, I wish you would become a man!" On the next day he went again elk hunting. In the evening he came home. Now he saw cedar bark lying on the ground. "Where do these people come from? They have been playing at disks" [said he]. On the following morning he went again elk hunting. In the evening he came home. Now there was much cedar bark [in his house]. "Where may these people have come from? They always play at disks in my house." On the third day he went again, and came home in the evening. Now the floor of his house lay full of cedar bark and the counters lay on the ground. He went out for the fourth time and came home in the afternoon. When he reached his house he heard batons. Then he became angry. "Where do these people come from? They always play at disks in my house." He came near the house, then the noise of the batons stopped. He arrived at home and entered. Now counters lay on a plank. [He said:] "To-morrow I shall hide to see where these people come from." On the next morning he made himself ready and went out. He stayed in the grass [near the house] and looked. He did not see anybody. Then he heard the batons moving in the interior of the house. He went home and looked through a hole in the wall of the house. Now there was a youth who played at disks. He struck the rhythm with his foot and and sang: "My brother calls me branch of a spruce, my brother twisted me often." Then the panther entered. "Oh, my poor brother, why did you hide yourself before me?" Then the youth was ashamed. He stayed there. The panther said to him: "Stay with me." Then he remained there. Now the panther gave him good arrows, and the youth went hunting deer. Then the panther said to his younger brother: "Go only this way, do not go down the river." He obeyed and went only up the river. He grew up. One day, however, he went down the river. He came to a prairie where he found a chicken-hawk. He shot it and hit its wing. It fell down and ran away jumping. He

pursued it a long distance. Then he saw a house. The chicken-hawk entered the same. Now he went on slowly. He thought: "Oh, they will kill me. I had better turn back. But I like my arrow [so well]. I must go in." Then he entered and remained standing in the door. The house was full of people who looked at his arrow. All the people looked at it. Then they gave the arrow to Blue-Jay, who looked at it. Then the young man said: "Give me my double-pointed arrow, Blue-Jay." "It is not your arrow, you bad man" [retorted Blue-Jay]. Again the people looked at the arrow and said: "To what chief may this arrow belong? It is a good arrow." Then they gave it again to Blue-Jay. Now the young man said again: "Give me, oh, give me my double-pointed arrow, Blue-Jay!" "Well, take it!" Then [the young man] arose and took it. He shook himself and his body was all covered with dentalia. Then Blue-Jay said [to the chicken-hawk, who on entering the house had assumed the shape of a woman]: "Follow the chief!" The youth ran and the woman pursued him. They went and went and went until he came to his elder brother's house. He hid himself [inside]. The woman entered and did not see anybody. She thought: "Where may that youth have gone?" In the evening the panther came home. Now there was the woman [in his house. He thought:] "Certainly he went down the river!" Then he married the woman. She thought: "When did that youth come home?" On the following day she searched for him. She turned over all the elk skins until it grew dark. She continued two days. Then she had finished all the skins on one side of the house. Now she searched at the other side of the house. She turned over all the elk skins. [Finally she found him] sleeping [under the skins]. She took some grease and [elk] hoofs. She made a fire and roasted the hoofs. When they were done she pounded them. She took some soot and mixed it with hair of an elk's nose. Now she mixed it all with elk's grease and poured it into his nostrils. When it grew dark he awoke. Now his nostrils felt sore. He said: "Oh, my elder brother, my nose is being transformed into an elk's nose." "Oh, my younger brother, your nose is being transformed into an elk's nose. I can not help you." "Oh, my elder brother, hoofs are growing on my feet." "Oh, younger brother, hoofs are growing on your feet. I can not help you." On the following morning the elk skins arose and became elks. The youth arose. He became

E'lemiX* and went out. Then all the elks arose and went into the woods. Now [the panther] took the woman at her arm. He carried her out of the house and shook her, so that all her flesh fell down. He threw her down and said: "Your name shall be Chicken-hawk. Henceforth, you shall not make chiefs unhappy. When you see a snake you shall eat it. My name will be Panther."

*The tutelary spirit of the hunters.

ORIGIN OF THE SPOKANE AND PALOUSE FALLS

IN 1842 the U. S. Government sent an exploring expedition to the Northwest. The journal of that voyage said of the North Pacific Indians:

"They have, in common with the other tribes, many traditions connected with the rivers and remarkable features of their country. In these the prairie wolf bears always a conspicuous part. This wolf was not an object of worship, but was supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers, and to exert them in many ways. On one occasion, it is related, that the wolf was desirous of having a wife, and visited the tribe on the Spokane for that purpose, demanding a young woman in marriage. This request being granted, he promised that the salmon should be abundant, and for this purpose he raised the rapids, that they might be caught with facility. After he had been gratified in the first instance, he made the same request of the others, among them, of the Sketsui (Coeur d'Alene) tribe, who were the only one to refuse; he thereupon formed the great falls of the Spokane, which have ever since prevented the fish ascending to their territory."

Again, "The falls of this river (Palouse) are of some note, and are called Aputaput; and they will hereafter be an object of interest to travelers in this country. The river pours down, in a cataract of foam, through a perpendicular descent of one hundred feet, and is received in a basin, surrounded by basaltic walls between two and three hundred feet in height. These falls are celebrated in Indian mythology. Among other legends, it is related that a woman of gigantic size lived in that part of the country, with four brothers of equal stature. She became very desirous of obtaining some beaver's fat, but whether for a delicacy or cosmetic it is not known. At this time there was only one beaver, and that of enormous dimensions, inhabiting the banks of the Snake River. The brothers hunted him for a long time without success. Many places along the river, in which he could harbor, were searched, but without finding his hiding place. Finally, the animal was surprised at the mouth of the Palouse, which was then a peaceful stream, winding through an even channel.

As the beaver retreated up the stream, he was pursued, and overtaken two miles from its mouth. At first they pinned him to the earth with their spears, but by a violent effort he broke loose and fled. This struggle produced the first rapids of the Palouse. A little farther up they again overtook the beaver, who again made his escape, by producing the second rapids; and lastly, where he was secured, his dying struggles gave rise to the great falls of the Aputaput. After killing him, and taking his skin and fat, they cut up the body, and threw the pieces in various directions, from which has arisen the Cayuse, the Nez Perce, Walla Walla, etc. The Cayuse are said to have sprung from the heart, and became, in consequence, a strong and thriving people, which they continue to be to this day."

SOME twenty years ago John H. Williams made his home in Western Washington. His splendid talents as a writer were directed almost wholly to our Western mountain scenery. "The Guardian of the Columbia" and "The Mountain that was God" have become classics with Nature-lovers. Our mountain scenery is one of the great attractions to visitors from abroad, and Mr. Williams contributed largely toward inspiring cultured travelers with the desire to see what he had so charmingly presented in his beautiful books.

To the Indian mind the great snow peaks of the Cascades were rather objects of dread than of reverence or admiration. To him the flame of an eruption or the thunder of an avalanche told of the wrath of a mountain god. Early mountain climbers experienced great difficulty in securing Indian guides to aid them in their ascents. The peril was too great for native courage to encounter.

During the progress of his work Mr. Williams collected Indian legends of the mountains, some of which are here presented.

THE ORIGIN OF THE RED MAN

ONE of the most interesting attempts to account for the presence of the Red Man in the Northwest is the Okanogan legend that tells of an island far out at sea inhabited by a race of giant whites, whose chief was a tall and powerful woman, Sconalt. When her giants warred among themselves, Sconalt grew angry and drove all the fighters to the end of the island. Then she broke off the end of the island, and pushing with her foot sent it floating away over the sea. The new island drifted far. All the people on it died save one man and one woman. They caught a whale, and the blubber saved them from starving. At last they escaped from the island by making a canoe. In this they paddled many days. Then they came to the mainland, but it was small. It had not yet grown much; here they landed. But while they had been in the canoe, the sun had turned them from white to red. All the Okanogans were their children; hence they are all red. Many years from now the whole of the mainland will be cut loose from its foundations, and become an island. It will float about upon the sea; that will be the end of the world.

THE LEGEND OF THE BRIDGE OF THE GODS

FIRST among the myths connected with the Columbia River will always be that of the fabled natural bridge that is said to have stood where the Cascades of the Columbia now are. This is one of the most beautiful legends connected with the source of fire, a problem of life in all of the northern lands. Further it tells of the origin of the three snow peaks.

In the time of their remote grandfathers, said the Klickitats, Tyhee Saghalie, chief of the gods, had two sons. They made a trip together down the river to where the Dalles are now. The sons saw that the country was beautiful, and quarreled as to its possession. The Saghalie shot an arrow to the north and an arrow to the west. The sons were bidden to find the arrows, and settle where they had fallen. Thus one son settled in the fair country between the great river and the Yakima, and became the grandfather of the Klickitats. The other son settled in the Willamette Valley and became the ancestor of the large Multnomah tribe. To keep peace between the two tribes, Saghalie raised the great mountains that separate those regions. But there were not yet any snow peaks. The great river also flowed very deep between the country of the Klickitats and the country of the Multnomahs. That the tribes might always be friendly, Saghalie built a huge bridge of stone over the river. The Indians called it the tamahnawas bridge, or bridge of the gods. The great river flowed under it, and a witch-woman, Loowit, lived on it. Loowit had charge of the only fire in the world.

Loowit saw how miserable the tribes were without fire. Therefore she besought Saghalie to permit her to give them fire. Saghalie granted her request. Thus a fire was kindled on the bridge. The Indians came there and obtained fire, which greatly improved their condition. Saghalie was so much pleased with Loowit's faithfulness that he promised the witch-woman anything she might ask. Loowit asked for youth and beauty; so Saghalie transformed her into a beautiful maiden.

Many chiefs fell in love with Loowit because of her beauty;

but she paid heed to none till there came two other chiefs, Klickitat from the north, Wiyeast from the west. As she could not decide which of them to to accept as her husband, they and their people went to war. Great distress came upon the people because of this fighting. Saghalie became angry at their evil doing, and determined to punish them. He broke down the tamahnawas bridge, and put Loowit, Wiyeast and Klickitat to death. But they had been beautiful in life, therefore Saghalie would have them beautiful in death. So he made of them the famous snow peaks. Wiyeast became what white men call Mount Hood, Klickitat became Mount Adams; Loowit was changed into Mount Saint Helens. Always, said Saghalie, they should be clothed in garments of snow.

Thus was the wonderful tamahnawas bridge destroyed, and the great river dammed by the rocks which fell into it. That caused the Cascade rapids. Above the rapids, when the river is low, you can still see the forests that were buried when the bridge fell down and dammed the waters.

This noteworthy myth, fit to rank with the folklore masterpieces of any primitive people, Greek or Gothic, is of course only a legend. The Indian was not a geologist. True we see the submerged forests today, at low water. But their slowly decaying trunks were killed, perhaps not much more than a century ago, by a rise in the river that was not caused by the fall of a natural bridge, but from a landslide from the mountains.

THE HIAQUA MYTH

THIS legend is well told in "Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest," by Katherine Judson, which had wide circulation but is now out of print.

The hero of this myth is the Indian "Rip Van Winkle." He dwelt at the foot of Tacoma, and, like Irving's worthy, he was a mighty hunter and fisherman. He knew the secret pools where the fish could always be found, where the elk hid when the snows were deepest. But for these things Miser cared not. His lust was all for hiaqua, the Indian shell money.

Now, Miser's totem was Moosmoos, the elk divinity. So Miser tried, even while hunting the elk, to talk with them in order to learn where hiaque might be found. One night Moosmoos persuaded him that on top of the Mountain he would find great store of it. Making himself two elkhorn picks, and filling his ikta with dried salmon and kinnikinnick, he climbed in two nights and a day to the summit. Here he found three big rocks, one like a camas root, one like a salmon's head, the third like his friendly Moosmoos. Miser saw that Moosmoos had told him truly.

After long digging, Miser overturned the rock that was like the elk's head. Beneath lay a vast quantity of hiaqua. This he strung on elks' sinews—enough of it to make him the richest of men. Then he hurried to depart. But he left no thank-offering to the tamahnawas powers. Thereupon the whole earth shook with a mighty convulsion, and the mountain shot forth terrible fires, which melted the snows, and poured floods down the slopes, where they were turned to ice again by the breath of the storm god. And above the roar of torrents and the crash of thunder. Miser heard the voices of all the tamahnawas hissing: Hiaqua! Hiaqua! Ha, Ha, Hiaqua!

Panic-stricken at the result of his greed, Miser threw down his load of treasure to propitiate the angry tamahnawas. But the storm-god hurled him down the mountain side. Miser fell into a deep sleep. Many, many snows after he awoke to find himself far from the summit, in a pleasant country of beautiful meadows carpeted with flowers, abounding in camas roots, and musical with the songs of birds.

He had grown very old, with white hair falling to his shoulders. His ikta was empty, save for a few dried leaves. Recognizing the scene about him as Saghalie Illahe, he sought his old tent. It was where he had left it. There, too, was his klootchman, or wife, grown old, like himself. Thirty snows, she said, she had awaited his return. Back they went to their home on the bank of the Cowlitz, where he became a famous tamahnawas man, and spent the rest of his days in honor, for his tribesmen recognized that the aged Indian's heart had been softened and his mind enriched by his experience upon the peak. He had lost his love for hiaqua.

IN "CANOE AND SADDLE," Theodore Winthrop gives several legends that he gathered on his trip from Nisqually to The Dalles.

THE LEGEND OF THE DALLES

THE world has been long in educating itself to be a fit abode of men. Man for his part, has been long ages in growing upward through lower grades of being, to become what he now may be. The globe was once nebulous, was chaotic, was anarchic, and at last has become somewhat cosmical. Formerly rude and convulsionary forces were actively at work, to compel chaos into anarchy, and anarchy into order. The mighty ministries of the elements warred with each other, each subduing and each subdued. There were earthquakes, deluges, primeval storms, and furious volcanic outbursts. In this passionate, uncontrolled period of the world's history, man was a fiend, a highly uncivilized, cruel, passionate fiend.

The Northwest was then one of the centers of volcanic action. The craters of the Cascades were fire-breathers, fountains of liquid flame, catapults of red-hot stones. Day was lurid, night was ghastly with this terrible light. Men exposed to such dread influences could not be other than fiends, as they were, and they warred together cruelly, as the elements were doing.

When the great plain of the Upper Columbia now spread, along the Umatillah, in the lovely valley of the Grand Ronde, was an enormous inland sea, filling the vast interior of the continent, and beating forever against a rampart of hills, to the east of the desolate plain of the Dalles.

Every winter there were convulsions along the Cascades, and gushes of lava came from each fiery Tacoma, to spread new desolation over desolation, pouring out a melted surface, which, as it cooled in summer, became a fresh layer of shiny, fire-hardened *dalles*.

Now, as the fiends of that epoch and region had giant power to harm each other, they must of course have giant weapons of defense, and defense was their tail; in this they resembled iguanodons

and other "mud pythons" of that period, but no animal ever had such force of tail as these terrible, monster fiend-men who warred together all over the Northwest.

As ages went on, and the fires of the Cascades begun to accomplish their duty of expanding the world, earthquakes and eruptions began to diminish in virulence. A winter came when there was none. By-and-by there was an interval of two years, then again of three years, without rumble or shock, without floods of fire or showers of red hot stones. Earth seemed to be subsiding into an era of peace. But the fiends would not take the hint to be peaceable; they warred as furiously as ever.

Stoutest of heart and tail of all the hostile tribes was a wise fiend, the Devil. He had observed the cessation of convulsions in Nature, and had begun to think out its lesson. It was a custom of the fiends, so soon as the Dalles plain became agreeably cool after an eruption, to meet there every summer and have a grand tournament after their fashion. Then they feasted riotously, and fought again until they were weary.

Although the eruptions of the Tacomas had ceased now for three years, as each summer came round the festival was renewed. The Devil had absented himself from the last two, and when, on the third summer after his long retirement, he reappeared among his race on the field of tourney, he became an object of respectful attention. Every fiend knew that against his strength there was no defense; he could slay so long as the fit was on. Yet the idea of combined resistance to so dread a foe had never hatched itself in any fiendish head; and, besides, the Devil, though he was feared, was not especially hated. He had never won the jealousy of his peers by rising above them in morality. So now as he approached, with brave tail vibrating proudly, all admired and many feared him.

The Devil drew near and took the initiative in war, by making a peace speech.

"Princes, potentates, and powers of these infernal realms," said he, "the eruptions and earthquakes are ceasing. The elements are settling into peacefulness. Can we not learn of them? Let us give up war and cannibalism, and live in milder fiendishness and growing love."

Then went up a howl from deviltry. "He would lull us into crafty peace, that he may kill and eat safely. Death! Death to the traitor."

And all the legions of fiends, acting with rare unanimity, made straight at their intended Reformer.

The Devil pursued a Fabian policy, and took to his heels. If he could divide their forces, he could conquer in detail. Yet as he ran his heart was heavy. He was bitterly grieved at this great failure, his first experience in the difficulties of Reform. He flagged sadly as he sped over the Dalles, toward the defiles near the great inland sea, whose roaring waves he could hear beating against their bulwark. Could he just reach some craggy strait among the passes, he could take position and defy attack.

But the foremost fiends were close upon him. Without stopping, he smote powerfully upon the rock with his tail. The pavement yielded to that Titanic blow. A chasm opened and went riving up the valley, piercing through the bulwark hills. Down rushed the waters of the inland sea, churning boulders to dust along the narrow trough.

The main body of the fiends shrunk back terror-stricken; but a battalion of the van sprang across and made one bound toward the heartsick and fainting Devil. He smote again with his tail, and more strongly. Another vaster cleft went up and down the valley, with an earthquaking roar, and a vaster torrent swept along.

Still the leading fiends were not appalled. They took the leap without craning. Many fell short or were crowded into the roaring gulf, but enough were left, and those of the chiefest braves, to martyr their chase in an instant, if they overtook him. The Devil had just time to tap once more, and with all the vigor of a desparing tail.

He was safe. A third crevice, twice the width of the second, split the rocks. This way and that way it went, wavering like lightning eastward and westward, riving a deeper cleft in the mountains that held back the inland sea, riving a vaster gorge through the majestic chain of the Cascades, and opening a way for the torrent to gush oceanward. It was the crack of doom for the fiends. A few essayed the leap. They fell far short of the stern edge, where the Devil had sunk panting. They alighted upon the water, but whirlpools tripped

them up, tossed them, bowled them among floating boulders, until the buffeted wretches were borne to the broader calms below, where they sunk. Meanwhile, those who had not dared the broader final leap attempted a backward one, but wanting the impetus of pursuit, and shuddering at the fate of their comrades, every one of them failed and fell short; and they too were swept away, horribly sprawling in the flood.

As to the fiends who had stopped at the first crevice, they ran in a body down the river to look for the mangled remains of their brethren, and, the undermined bank giving way under weight every fiend of them was carried away and drowned.

So perished the whole race of fiends.

As to the Devil, he had learned a still deeper lesson. His tail also, the ensign of deviltry, was irremediably dislocated by the last life-saving blow. In fact it had ceased to be any longer a needful weapon! Its antagonists were all gone; never a tail remained to be brandished at it, in deadly encounter.

So, after due repose, the Devil sprang lightly across the chasms he had so successfully engineered, and went home to rear his family thoughtfully. Every year he brought his children down to the Dalles, and told them the terrible story of his escape. The fires of the Cascades burned away, the inland sea was drained, and its bed became fair prairie, and still the waters gushed along the narrow crevices he had opened. He had, in fact, been the instrument in changing a vast region from a barren sea to habitable land.

One great trial, however, remained with him, and made his life one of great responsibility. All of his children born before the catastrophe were cannibal, stiff-tailed fiends. After that great event, every new-born imp of his was like himself in character and person, and wore but a flaccid tail, the last insignium of ignobility. Quarrels between the two factions embittered his days and impeded civilization. Still, it did advance, and long before his death he saw the tails disappear forever.

Such is the Legend of The Dalles—a legend not without a moral.

INDEX

NOTE.—These Indian legends having been compiled from various sources, the spelling of the names will vary throughout the book. The references in the index are listed, for the most part, under but one form of the word as there is enough similarity among them that the reader will have no difficulty in identifying the name.

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